

Ralph Stearns

The
N. K. E. C.
YEAR BOOK

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE
NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN AND
ELEMENTARY COLLEGE

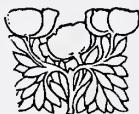
1924

VOLUME IX



Dedication...

THIS book is lovingly dedicated to the sponsors of the graduating classes, whose spirit of service and creativity permeates the entire College.



53161

..Foreword..

IF any one be prone to criticize the 1924 Annual let her remember that it is but the material thing, symbolic of the true lasting friendships, ideals and inspirations, achievements and fun, of this year at N. K. E. C. But it is the material thing that will bring back all our happiest memories of our college days together.

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Miss Clara Morse	Domestic Science
Mrs. Stella Kahl	Educational Excursions

A Toast

Here's to the Faculty! In season and out of season they have provided for us an abundance of well-seasoned food for thought, leavened with sympathy and interest, spiced with humor and frosted with fun. Some of this food we have "taken to" naturally and some we have taken only because it was good for us, but whether our thirst for the knowledge be native, acquired or non-existent, we have, one and all, developed an insatiable craving for—the Faculty.

House Mothers



Mrs. Stella Kahl
North House
Chairman of House Mothers



Miss Jennette Hart
Marienthal, Hostess



Mrs. Kenton Clark
Avilla House



Mrs. Cornelia Burleson
Thomas House



Mrs. Katherine Elmore
South House



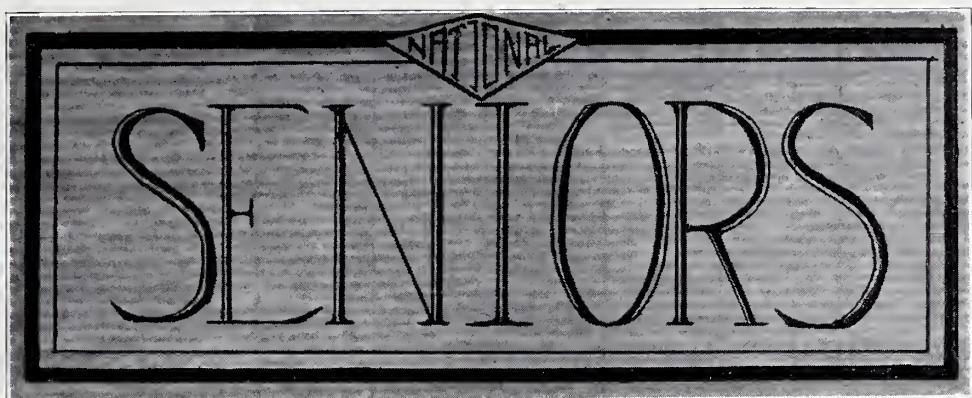
Miss Betty Mosely
East Dormitory



Mrs. Elenore M. Storr
Elizabeth House



CLASSES



Flora Rucker, President
Nellie Ball, Secretary

Helen Huffman, Vice-President
Thelma Copeland, Treasurer



Irene Carlson

1842 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Irene, the possessor of the curly raven locks and sparkling dark eyes, is a good sport and friend to all—you all know her—no?—yes? Irene has shorn her locks half way. When is the rest coming off, Irene?

Blanche Tate

33 South Adams Street, Hinsdale, Ill.

Soon she will know just how to cook for "Or," and then—but at present she's well employed in assisting Mrs. Ammerman of Riverside. No wonder she has been asked to take a regular job next year. Her pep, good nature and ability would cinch that.

Margaret McKenna

220 West Front St., Tyler, Texas.

From the back row you can always hear, "It's time to go." Surely you've guessed it. It's the little mite Margaret. She's always ready to go any time, any place, anywhere. She often fumes and storms before she says she will do a thing, but when she says "Yes" you can depend upon her. We all like her and wish her the best of luck.

Thelma Copeland

604 North Lombard Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Thelma is our "Swedish maid." We know her by her smile and her willingness to serve. Wouldn't blame some one for wanting to marry her, would you? Seems she would make life worth while. She is none other than our class treasurer.

Harriet Newey

436 Lake Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Sweet and pretty and a dear, that's Harriet. The most distinguished part of her is her long, black hair. Do you remember what a darling little girl she made in the Thanksgiving Festival? She looked just like one of these old miniatures of Grandmother when she was a girl.



Virginia Edgren

1721 Arthur Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Virginia is another talented senior. Though dainty and reserved, we who know and love her are aware of her numerous abilities. She is clever, witty, literary and—athletic. But no wonder, she spends her mornings at Chicago Latin and her evenings playing basketball. The latter, we think, is the cause of her bobbed hair. Isn't it becoming?

Helen Lapp

616 Foster Street, Evanston, Ill.

Sometimes she tries to make us think that she is gruff, but we see right through to her many characteristics as a friend. Her dandy class spirit, and the fact that she always sticks up for the right, shows what she is. "Sonny" thinks so, too.

Ethel Karlson

100 North Lincoln Street, Hinsdale, Ill.

She has a quiet yet authoritative voice which we all long for. Doubtless it, combined with her ready smile, helped her in getting her position so soon. She paints her own furniture, has an inexhaustible sense of humor, is terribly able in the cooking and housekeeping line, and adores children. Well?

Helen Coatsworth

4310 North Hermitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Who is Helen Coatsworth? We hardly know. But Polly, oh, that's different. Polly of the frank speech, the good looking clothes which she makes herself, the ability to cook enticing viands, is a girl we all like to call our friend. She should be quite educated by now, mixing as she is doing this year with people of all nationalities.

Martha Mayer

Niles Center, Ill.

One of our most recent bobs and it surely is becoming. Martha is the nearest to our ideal girl that we have found. She likes nonsense and sports, is always ready to do her share of work and a little bit more, and is, moreover, sweet and lovable.



Helen Durstine

820 South Claremont, Chicago, Ill.

Helen pals with—aha!—“The Long-Haired Bunch,” and she wishes she were the only Helen in the world. Helen is someone who really deserves —oh paragraphs and paragraphs, for it is she who can sing, play, draw, act —do anything you ask her. This year she is the business manager of the Annual.

Flora Rucker

1133 Hampton Ave., Newport News, Va.

An all-around girl, that's Flora! With her pep, brains and charming personality, this girl from the Sunny South so captured the hearts of the Seniors that they elected her as their chieftess. She has been a fine one, too, and we all dread the time when she will have to leave us.

Nellie Ball

3329 Eastwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We all know Nell, the dame who can laugh all care away—and then, too, there isn't a minute when Nell isn't in it. In what? Everything—even the Primary. Wonder if Nellie ever goes home. We see her early, we see her late.

Lois Taylor

Marion, N. Y.

Lois is just a wee thing, but they do say the most valuable articles come wrapped in the smallest packages. She is valuable all right and we hope she will have the opportunity to have a kindergarten of her own either before or after Elmer, who has already discovered her valubleness, kidnaps her.

Mildred Clow

4052 Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.

What can't Milly do? She specializes in everything. She is a modiste, a dietitian, and superb cook, a house-keeper and best of all she mothers a little sister. Don't tell anyone, but there is a reason for Milly's frequent visits to Clinton. Can anyone excel in all these things? Yes, and besides she is the famous kindergarten assistant.



Helen Fisher

Truro, Nova Scotia

Helen was the leading lady of our Senior Frolic. Do you all remember how pretty she looked? Besides this she is artistic and—well—just sweet. Helen came from Canada. That's a long ways off, but we're the richer for having her with us. So is Armour!

Norma Kramer

2049 Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Norma will long be famous for two things: (1) For her iron will. (Didn't she "boss" the pennant salesman and Flora at the same time? We're proud of you, Norm.) (2) For the love of the Irish. You know, Norma's kindergarten is in Chase House and she it is that owns the darling Sophie.

Dorothy Gifford

6405 Yale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This girl possesses the quiet dignity which is so appealing. That she is a good sport and enjoys fun, of course, makes her more interesting, after you have penetrated the little wall guarding her friendship. The Presbyterian Mission has been the scene of her labors.

Erma Enke

Emerson, Nebr.

Erma is one of the girls from Nebraska. We like these girls from the wild and wooly West because they are so friendly and dependable. Erma bobbed her hair not long ago. Watch these western fellows open their eyes when she goes back.

Helen Huffman

1111 Lincoln Ave., York, Nebr.

A jewel in the form of a girl is Helen. She has plenty of sense and, well, is a vamp for both sexes. Her winsome songs and manner captivate everyone who happens to be counted among the fortunates who know her. If Teddy (bear) gets her he will be envied by many, for we all know her worth.



Carmela Rienzi

1328 S. Carlisle St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Her light was somewhat hid under a bushel basket, until Student Council chose her to represent the school at a Student Volunteer Convention. When she came back—I needn't tell you, for you remember her inspiring report in Chapel. Wasn't it wonderful? Carmella can now say, "I woke one morning and found myself famous."

Elizabeth McCollum

127 W. Fifth St., Bloomsburg, Penna.

Elizabeth herself is not very big, but she can do big things. She is the editor-in-chief of our 1924 Annual and all of you who have ever served in that capacity realize what a job it is. We hear that Elizabeth is going to teach in a University this summer, isn't that great.

Jess Turner

Hebron, Ill.

"Miss Turner has an announcement to make." Yes, Miss Baker means Jess. She is president of our Student Council, you know. Jess has held other responsible positions this year. She was a house mother for a month, and has been teaching a class in storytelling. We wish her great success.

Anna Claire Zachow

Shawano, Wisc.

We love Anna Claire for her good sense and good looks. Isn't her green scarf becoming? However, teaching kindergarten in a ball room with mirrors for walls has not affected her modesty in the least. We must not forget to mention her bravery, for she it was who had her hair shorn and shingled in the first leap.

Eula Mills

320 Lake St., Evanston, Ill.

Eula lives in Evanston, and therefore her fame is already established. But besides this, she is especially noted for a certain brown brief-case that is constantly at her side. Eula, we ask you, is that brief-case for effect or are you really very, very studious?

Elizabeth Gage

1251 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth is another one who goes with a bunch and she is one who is preserving woman's glory. She has high aspirations, for her ambition is to make her life worth while.

Anna Miller

3435 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

What an earnest, sweet little lady she is. She deserves the great luck of her trip to Europe next year. Just think! Scotland, England, France, an ocean trip 'n everything. We know that she will enjoy it. Bon voyage, Miss Miller.

Gladys Yenerich

W. Burlington St., Mendota, Ill.

Well, all we can say about Gladys is JOE. Joe is all we hear. Joe is a lucky chap to succeed in winning the love of this fair maiden. He is one of these wise fellows who knows what good wives N. K. E. C. girls make.

Mrs. Heckman

3435 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

A good friend, a fine student and if you are in need of assistance she will help you out. Her voice is low, but when she is giving a report the class will listen, for she has something to say that they just want to hear.

Irene Kilbourne

Athens, Tenn.

The queer thing about Irene is that she seems quiet, but we know she is noisy. How? Go to Chapel. Seriously, if Irene knew how much she adds to the spirit and beauty of our services we know she would feel well repaid for her efforts. Irene, with one accord we thank you!

Mrs. Alta St. Claire

U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Maywood, Ill.

We are glad to have with us in our class one who has gone some steps farther than we. One who has launched on the sea of matrimony; for she is not only good and kind, but strong and elevated in mind.



I'd rather be a Could Be,
 If I could not be an Are;
 For a Could Be is a May Be
 With a chance of touching par;
 I'd rather be a Has Been
 Than a Might Have Been by far,
 For a Might Have Been has never been,
 But a Has Been was an Are.

Memoirs of the Senior Class

IT was quite disconcerting to be a mere Freshman again after having reached the dignified heights of high school seniorship. But how queer we must have been! 'Member how surprised and doubtful we were on our first Kindergarten Observation when we found that the children spent the first hour of the morning just playing? And oh, those semi-weekly game classes when we alternately tried to skip without letting others see our self-conscious grins and madly grabbed at the shower of hairpins which the unaccustomed exercise jogged out of our unfolding locks.

As we thought one hundred fifteen too many for one sponsor to brood over, we chose both Miss Winter and Miss Farrar, but before long had only Miss Farrar. She has been long suffering, staying with us for three years, racking her brain for poems and stunts, all the while insisting that we really should do it ourselves.

We were the first to give a Christmas gift as a class to a settlement. With our balloons, shepherds' staffs and bows and arrows we participated in the last spring festival to be given on the College lawn.

Our Junior year was enlivened by the campaign. Now our minds are one grand jumble of fairies' wings, scrap books, toys both real and alive, elves and shoemakers. We gave a beach party in the Domestic Science kitchen and saw ourselves in the movies at the Chicago. At the end of the year we donated money for an electric bell which will ring on time in our new College.

This year we have been so busy keeping our greenness from the children of our respective kindergartens and primaries that we haven't had time for much else. Oh, yes, we did have some classes. In the main, even those of us who did not work too slavishly learned a great deal in Principles of Ed. We thought that we knew something about cooking until most of us drew "C" as a grade. From somewhere we have learned that the mental age divided by the chronological age is the I. Q.

We entertained the Faculty both mentally and physically at Thanksgiving time. Another carnival claimed some of our attention. We were thrilled to hear a child play as we could never hope to play.

Seniors are fortunate because as their class is so small they can all go to a theater together, sit near their sponsor, nibble candy and talk and glance at the play in between times.

We felt that our efforts to supply pennants and pillows to the girls were appreciated. Incidentally the money from their sale and that of candies, taffy apples and stickers, as well as our Senior Frolic with its slinky shingles, trim maids, and "Where But in America" will enable us to make a gift to the building fund.

And now comes the crowning point of the year thus far. The Cordon Club to be sure! As is the Faculty's custom everything was perfect, although they did call us dunces.

We are now thinking of our approaching commencement, but let's not think about it. It's bad enough that it has to come too soon.

F. R.

JUNIORS



Junior Officers

Rachel Harlem, President
Susan Ansley, Treasurer

Marion Davis, Vice-President
Mary Esther Ransel, Secretary



Dorothy Phelps
44 Highland Ave.
Downers Grove, Ill.

Gwendolyn Jones
923 Elm St.
Van Wert, Ohio.

Esther Zum Brunnen
12 E. Farm St.
Monroe, Wisc.

Charlotte Swonguer
Marengo, Ill.

Lois Biege
704 Eighth St.
Baraboo, Wisc.

Catherine Kling
3046 E. Taylor
Kokomo, Ind.

Olive Milligan
1834 Sheridan Rd.
Evanston, Ill.

Aline Becker
897 Marietta Ave.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Susan Ford
73 Division St.
Ashtabula, Wisc.

Laura Lakin
Miles City, Mont.

Helen McElroy
6627 Richmond Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Phelps—

A summer's moon couldn't set you to dreaming any lovelier dreams than you do when you look at Dot Phelps. Her childishly frank blue eyes immediately fire your imagination and then you start envying her that lovely pink and white skin—Oh, well, 'tis true that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Dot could inspire a new novel —called "Beautiful, But Not Dumb."

Gwendolyn Jones—

Here's the chief melody marker of N. K. E. C. When she gets within two feet of a piano, all the strings start vibrating in expectancy of her caress, and when she starts playing, why, all the world turns rosy, ain' yo' jes' can't keep yo' feet still—no suh! She could also enter any beauty contest and come out ahead, bless her little dimple in her chin! She's another of our slow motion divers.

Esther Zum Brunnen—

Esther lives in South House and all the girls in that house are glad of it. She is pretty and peppy and the men as well as the girls like her. We wonder if she will escape the jaws of marriage long enough to have the experience of being a pedagogue.

Charlotte Swonguer—

Charlotte's the girl whose last name took up so much time in roll call. A very dainty person with blonde bobbed curls and a turned up nose that makes her quite charming. Charlotte had many friends. Someone also whispered to us that she had a hope chest all ready, and a handsome knight waiting.

Lois Biege—

When Lois indulged in swimming at the "Y" tank, they had to get an extra size bathing suit as none were ever quite big enough to fit her. She may be small, but many's the time she has kept a whole crowd waiting and then decided she wouldn't do the thing expected of her, but she must be worth waiting for.

Aline Becker—

Her wonderful happy-go-lucky disposition is the envy of all the people who know her. This may account for the fact "Leanie" is as plump as she is. "Salome" makes a mean villian in all our stunts at school, and her long-suffering room-mate tells us there are attractions in Milwaukee besides her home. Wonder if it's the "Gingerbread Man."

Susan Ford—

As a man in the Junior stunt Susan thrilled us all. There was many a sigh about the man she would have been. Susan is one of the neatest girls in the school. A case where beauty is more than skin deep.

Laura Lakin—

Laura is one of our most active Social Service workers, besides teaching a class at Hull House every week, she is one of the fortunate assistants at Miss Baker's Sunday School. Laura and her "Bob" furnish South House with much sunshine.

Helen McElroy—

"Mac" is one of our chief delights of N. K. E. C. She is always ready with a snappy comeback—or a brand new joke. And they could listen by the hour to what Stobel said last night—or where they went. "Mac," we hope your kindergarten training come in handy.

Catherine Kling—

Kitty Kling from Kokomo, folks, the best dressed girl in the school, and also, sh! sh! she's the school's greatest vamp! Why, the men just melt under those lovely, big brown eyes, surrounded by the world's longest lashes, and look at that shiny crop of the best shingled hair in Chicago. Her charms are too numerous to mention, like her conquests among the men; so we'll just tell you—she's the "grapenuts" for the song, "Just a Girl That Men Don't Forget."

Olive Milligan—

Olive made her debut as a humorist the first day she recited in her droll way the story of how she got her big "thrill" in life. Ever since then she has every girl in school for her staunch friend. She's one of the few who can get A's in the hardest subjects and keeps right on laughing and dancing. Only she knows how to do it.



Hazel Colville

Argyle, Ill.

Margaret McCombs

Fairview, Ill.

Madeline Kramer

6404 Kenwood Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Blanche Sargent

3442 Van Buren St.

Chicago, Ill.

Beulah Sargent

3442 Van Buren St.

Chicago, Ill.

Helen Jegi

801 Drexel Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Helen Miller

Milledgerville

Theodora Densmore

718 Clary St.

Beloit, Wisc.

Bertha Finn

1276 Early Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Ruth Kroeger

926 E. Franklin St.

Evansville, Ind.

Eleanor Hindley

1406 Carlyle Ave.

Racine, Wisc.

Hazel Colville—

Dependability is Hazel's middle name. Efficiency is her other one. With a combination like that success is assured as demonstrated by her work at N. K. E. C. A quiet, reserved person, one would hardly know she was about, but virtues will out, so we are glad, for now we know Hazel.

Margaret McCombs—

Always sweet-tempered, ready to help anyone in need, from sewing on buttons to dispelling blues, that is the secret of her popularity. There's a reason of especial interest in the last part of the name of a town in Indiana (Fort-Wayne), isn't there margaret?

Madeline Kramer—

Madeline is the lucky possessor of the best smile in the College. Her smile is every bit as contagious as a yawn, and you just can't help being good-natured when you are around her. No wonder, there are always so many adoring swains—following her.

Blanche Sargent—

Look up Beulah Sargeant, substitute the name Blanche for Beulah and you'll have Blanche.

Beulah Sargent—

One of the "Heavenly Twins," but which one no one knows. We are safe to say she's the one who is quick as a flash and she's afforded us many a good laugh in games. It is a known fact that Beulah wears an identifying mark on her left foot to let her know that she is not her sister.

Helen Jegi—

Here we have one of the neatest persons in the world. Never known to have her hair out of curl, even in the rainy season, or a tie out of place in the rush for gym. This lady has many admirers, both male and female, as we can tell by the deep shadows 'neath her eyes on Monday morning.

Helen Miller—

Always pleasant and smiling, it's jolly to meet Helen anywhere. Cadeting at Perry Public was almost too much for Helen—but hurrah! she came out on top. There's a certain young man who believes that Helen should learn all about the city and so—she's been the fortunate "lady" under his kind guidance. In as much as there's a splendid motor car in the bargain, Helen hasn't minded the sudden civic interest—very much.

Theodora Densmore—

This girl keeps the library busy supplying her with books, for she is constantly reading. Besides literary tastes she is fond of practicing kindergarten music on the piano in order that she may become a model teacher. At least we think this is the reason for her hours of time spent at the piano. Hard to know, is Bobby, but well worth knowing, everybody is agreed.

Bertha Finn—

Anyone that can get B. in a philosophy exam. has our highest admiration and respect. Hats off to you, Bertha, how did you do it? Good scholarship and good spirit are two of this modest little lady's most noted assets. Space does not permit the enumeration of her other ones.

Ruth Kroeger—

An artistic lass with a happy smile. No wonder the kiddies all love her. Ruth is one of our tall, fair girls, and she makes many real friends. She possesses everything that goes to make up a successful teacher—we know that she will be one.

Eleanor Hindley—

The virtues personified, especially modesty. If Eleanor did not so well "hide her light under a bushel" more of us would know of her fine scholarship and ability to play the piano just beautifully. She is quite a little "parley vous" champion, for she speaks French well. However, we are told, she likes the "English" better. Fess up, Eleanor, who is he?



Frances Bensley
Downers Grove, Ill.

Phyllis Adams
5414 Augusta St.
Chicago, Ill.

Marian Summers
3205 Franklin Ave.
Seattle, Wash.

Helen Eward
822 W. Berry St.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Jessie Satre
2010 S. 8th St.
Sheboygan, Wis.

Alice Miller
820 Hamlin St.
Evanston, Ill.

Irma Doss
Ipava, Ill.

Gladys Everett
De Witt, Iowa.

Carol Hopperstead
364 Webster Ave.
Muskegan, Mich.

Elizabeth Wallace
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

Janice Sanderson
Essex, Iowa.

Frances Bensley—

Frances belonging to the town girls' side rolled hard in our zig-zag ball contest. No one hesitates to call her a good sport, especially her credit for her mission work. When one is able to wash dirty little mission children and come up with a smile, she has the essence of good sportsmanship. This we can attribute to Fran.

Phyllis Adams—

"Phil" made her debut in dramatics in the role of the farmer in "Pinocchio." She wore her beard with a nonchalant grace, and even her overalls were becoming. It is not every girl who can look well in both a farmer outfit and her own clothes. But Phil fills the bill. Some one ought to ask her what role she was playing on the steps at Kenwood Club.

Marian Summers—

Are you looking for a tennis enthusiast? Page Marion. This young lady from Alaska is indeed a star at the game. Sports are not the only things in which she excels. Her violin brings joy to all who hear her play. A leader in the student body, her pet hobby is reducing.

Helen Eward—

It's a wonder Helen is not all skin and bones. She doesn't eat any breakfast and at dinner she only eats enough to keep a bird alive. Helen doesn't look starved at all, in fact she is one of the healthiest and prettiest looking girls in school.

Jessie Satre—

She dances divinely. Yes, we have seen—and also heard that—her talent along this line is not limited. But dancing is not all that Jesse can do. Her virtues are many and well distributed. However, she has one failing—and that is hair-cutting. The only trouble is that when she gets started her interest becomes so great that the one involved must watch closely for fear of being scalped.

Alice Miller—

"Allie" is always in a continual state of motion. No one has ever seen her still. She is usually singing, dancing or chasing around making Olive behave. Her auburn hair is quite the envy of the school—and she slings a nasty basket-ball.

Erma Doss—

She is going to Kansas City because Henry's there. One of the finest primary teachers at National. "Good goods comes in packages small, you know."

Gladys Everatt—

O yes, she has bobbed her hair! She says she hates it. Her room-mate tells us that the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night she measures to see how much it has grown in the meantime. We like it bobbed best, but if some wish to retain their woman's glory we should not try to stop them.

Carol Hopperstead—

Carol made her debut as a fairy in the Sleeping Princess when she was a Freshman. Her grace and charm will long be remembered. Only Carol is more than a fairy for she has such a superabundance of pep. We wonder just how responsible is this pep regarding her scholastic ability. Carol is a good sport and certainly a great favorite.

Elizabeth Wallace—

Everybody knows "Wally." She's a dandy sport and so willing to lend a helping hand at any time. Scholarship high, much enthusiasm and general good nature mark her as a favorite. With visiting superintendents from New Jersey she shows herself to be a good entertainer, and—perhaps she can tell us a little about the Chicago Athletic Club, too!

Janice Sanderson—

You'll know Janice by her bouncing little walk, her up-tilted nose, her round eyes and her fluffy curls and general daintiness. Easy to get along with, good company and a true friend.



Harriet Riddle
Medapolis, Iowa.

Conchieta Pfleger
628 N. Central Ave.
Glendale, Calif.

Mary Caswell
201 S. Third St.
Ft. Atkinson, Wisc.

Susan Ansley
Park Front
Thomasville, Ga.

Ruth Dahl
2531 E. Fifth St.
Duluth, Minn.

Phyllis Johnson
1010 St. Clair St.
Manitowoc, Wisc.

Hilda Brinkman
806 E. Henry St.
Savannah, Ga.

Anne Woodson
Temple, Texas.

Loretta Elliott
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Fargo, N. Dak.

Thelma Shoup
1604 S. College St.
Springfield, Ill.

Edna Buchanan
1335 Broad
Fremont, Neb.

Harriett Riddle—

The renowned Tribune of Avilla House is at your left. Perpetually on the job and hot on the trail of the third floor girls. Beware! ye makers of noise! Nevertheless, we wouldn't trade her. A good friend to all, she has won the hearts of all her girls. Here's to you, Hattie!

Conchita Pfleger—

Connie, as she is known to us who know her best, reminds us of the queen in the Old English Fairy Tales. Her lovely smile, her blue eyes, golden hair, and the grace and dignity with which she carries herself brings a picture to our minds. She is quiet, reserved, and her charming manner along with her delightful sense of humor makes our picture more vivid. Can't you see her presiding over some stately mansion in California?

Mary Caswell—

The question is often asked, can wit, good sportsmanship, and executive ability be combined in one person. Answer: Mary Caswell. We owe her a debt which can never be repaid by mere words.

Mary need never fear the inadequate sum of a kindergartener's pension for her ability as a comic impersonator could always be a means of livelihood.

Susan M. Ansley—

We never think of Susan without thinking of her Southern accent, her manners, they just are part of her delightful personality. She has those about her in constant gales of laughter, telling jokes or stories or even her frolics at Culver. Her impulsiveness, her joy and her enthusiasm is radiated to those about her. She does everything well, is meanwhile artistic and a real friend. Blonde curls, blue eyes and a charming smile leave in our hearts a vivid picture. We are enriched having known her even for only a short time.

Edna Buchanan—

The prettiest blonde in school, is describing this little lady in mild terms. She was well equipped with suitable apparatus when she came to Chicago to keep "watch" (was it an Edgren?) on her Nebraska "sweetie."

Ruth Dahl—

Tall and slender, graceful and altogether lovely with her Titian hair is Ruth. Whenever Miss Mount wants an exceptionally lovely figure for her festivals, you can be sure it will be Ruth. She possesses a remarkable amount of sweetness and poise, which is so lacking in most girls of today, and with it all she dances divinely and is seen all over town with a very keen man.

Phyllis Johnson—

Hi', there. Good lookin'! Yep That's Phil, the stuning shingled blonde-haired, blue-eyed, laughing girl. Phil's a cute little trick, but in a bathing, well! Phil is one of the best little divers in the world, that is after she makes up her mind to dive.

Hilda Brinkman—

This very dainty little lady can trip a light fantastic, as her part in the dramatics will show. Hosts of friends admire shy, demure Hilda, but only the favored few know her well enough to find another Hilda.

Ann Woodson—

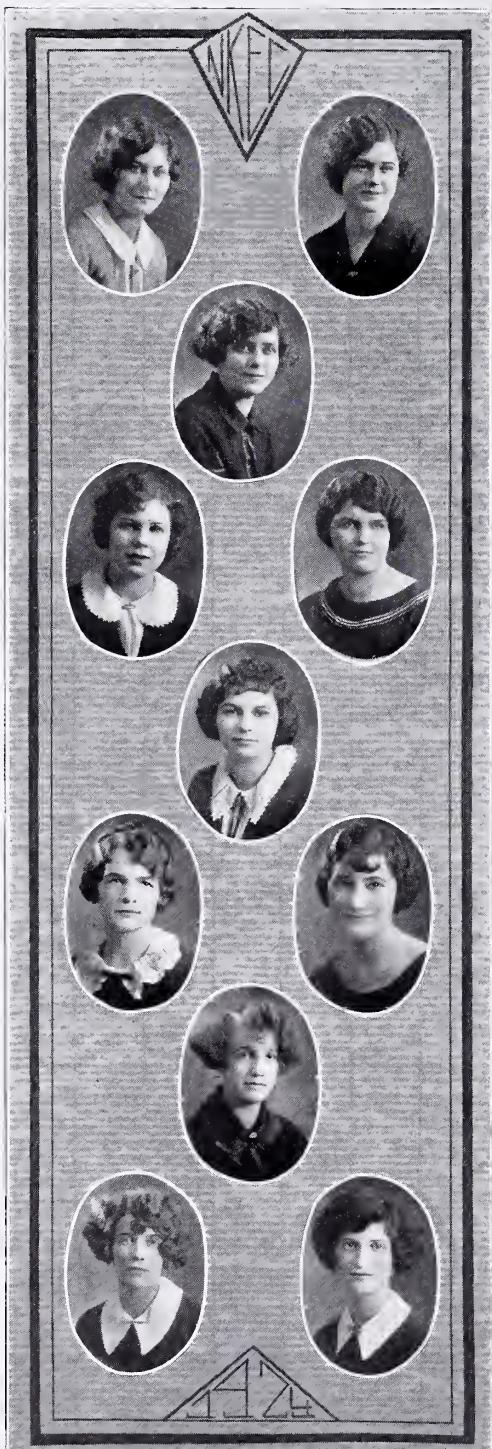
We wonder what the attraction is in Oklahoma City. She must hold the key to someone's heart, even though it is a Yale "Lock." She may be little, but Oh! my!

Loretta Elliot—

An unusually charming, stylish, good-looking young lady. Yet withal so unassuming that few of us know she is one of the cleverest girls in school. Blessed with a rare sense of humor, the delight of all, we regret more of us cannot have the pleasure of knowing her well.

Thelma Shoup—

"Kneel to the wittiest" and all of us would be at Thelma's feet, if we were not too weak from laughter to move. Philosophy is her favorite (?) class, we've heard. Never mind, even if there isn't any external, real world, Thelma is a real girl. So say we all of us at Avilla House.



Jeane Werbel
Seymour, Wisc.

Marie Guttmann
1113 S. Seventh St.
Manitowoc, Wisc.

Katharine Sargent
Plainfield, Wisc.

Ardus Simonson
Albert Lea, Minn.

Mabel Utter
815 Carroll St.
Carroll, Iowa.

Nellie Fries
R. R. No. 4
Connersville, Ind.

Eunice Brandt
Park Hotel
Oak Park, Ill.

La Verne Newman
221 S. Fifth St.
Escanaba, Mich.

Harriet Bradish
629 Pearl St.
Ottawa, Ill.

Margaret Schultz
Oak Park, Ill.
Rosedell Stadeker
Madison Park Appt. Hotel
Chicago, Ill.

Jean Werbel—

Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the world's neatest girl, Jean. Did you ever see her bronze-colored hair awry, or a shoe lace untied? You never did and you never shall. "You aint seen nothing yet" till you've seen her room. Such a model of order and perfection. She is a modest violet, too, but ready for a laugh any time. We wonder why she likes snow so much?

Marie Guttmann—

Oshkosh, b'gosh—and proud of it. Soft and sweet, with a winning way and a charming smile—we like you, Marie! You are one of the best little audiences anyone could ever find, and we have never come away from your room hungry. You never hurry, but always seem to get there, anyhow, and you are just full enough of the dickens for everyone to love you. May you make as many friends out of school as you have in.

Kathryn Sargent—

Her winsome smile and sky-blue eyes show a bit of Ireland there. And you know what they say about "When Irish eyes are smiling," etc. As sweet as she is cute and attractive. There is a reason for her decided preference for "Colgate's" perfumes. In fact anything that bears the above name.

Ardus Simonson—

"Ardy" is certainly a good sort, as all of her friends will loudly proclaim, and also of an artistic temperament, as her records will show. Possessor of a lovely voice, Ardua sings in the choir, and exercises her ability as an artist as the Art Editor of this book. She has also participated in dramatics, taking part in "Pinocchio," and oh, my, didn't she give us a good laugh in her wig and beard.

Mabel Utter—

When you look back on the Freshmen of last year and then see the result of two years at National, well, Mabel, you certainly have grown up, although you always were a dear. We hear that you have a position—here's luck to you.

Nellie Fries—

We have with us today the well known Miss Fries. "Nellie now, Nellie ever; Fries now, but not forever." We thought once she was going to desert the kindergarten profession and become a trained nurse, she made so many trips to a hospital on Prairie avenue. Good luck and best wishes always.

Eunice Brandt—

"Beanie" is one all-round good sport. There is not a more loved girl in the whole school. If you want sympathy, advice, a good dance, a good song—go to "Beanie." She'll even sew your buttons on for you! She painlessly extracts dues as treasurer of the Town Girls—which is an almost impossible task, isn't it? Here's to you, Eunie!

La Verne Newman—

The other half (better or worse?) of the Dannatt gang. She can talk at the rate of one hundred and fifty words per minute or maintain a protracted silence at will. Whatever she does say is most certainly worth while. Did you hear that fine report in Childhood Ed. Class? Success to you in the highest degree!

Harriet Bradish—

Biff! Bang! Bing! A loud noise, much laughter! Who is it? Harriet, of course. If you are looking for a girl with pep and vim, just step right here on third floor of Main Dorm. and your search is ended. We could say more but we don't like to give away secrets.

Margaret Schultz—

There's a subtle something about "Peg" that gets you the minute you meet her and holds you forever. Perhaps it's her wonderful complexion or her strawberry hair, but more likely it's the powerful personality known as "Peg." An excellent dancer, the men will tell you, and Jesse's better (worse) half and she holds seats in the "Back Row" section.

Rosadel Stadeker—

Rosadel and Lincoln would have been great friends, for Rosadel loves the black man—yassuh! Such a queer combination, artist, socialist, broad-minded—interested in all forms of humanity. She is noted for her alarming frankness, her big green eyes, and her Bohemian ideas. We soon expect to see Rosadel in her studio painting black people amidst a riot of colors.



Esther Munro
1815 College Ave.
Racine, Wisc.

Margaret Haight
490 Portland Ave.
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Josephine McNally
Corner Stone, Ark.

Marian Martin
803 Avon St.
Flint, Mich.

Eleanor Fleming
Shullsburg, Wisc.

Ruth Crook
2380 Fulton St.
Toledo, Ohio.

Dorothea Betzer
203 Burbank St.
Harvard, Ill.

Mary Malzen
Lima, Ohio.

Beulah Boyers
121 N. Kinney
Angola, Ind.

Helen Rudeck
Frankfort, Mich.

Ruth Currie
Tarkio, Mo.

Esther Monroe—

"Wouldn't it be Heavenly to be able to eat all you wanted to and not to have to worry about the story the scales would then tell?" Yes, we agree with you, Esther, it would. But, then, this isn't Heaven, you know. However, we like our jolly Esther very much.

Margaret Haight—

From—Receipt from N. K. E. C. Cook Book:

A Dainty Bit for Any Time.

A generous measure of good nature, two big cups of generosity, a heaping table spoon of fun and add a pinch of "English Accent." Stir these well for a short time and bake in a moderate oven and the result will be—"Margaret Haight."

Josephine McNally—

Everybody says "Jo should come back for a third year to take care of her little roommate, Peg." Artistic, dignified, yet full of fun and humor is this Tribune of Thomas House. Buss riding is her favorite pastime, so if you need some nickles to telephone I'm sure Jo would exchange them for a dime.

Marian Martin—

Ask her why she is called "Johnnie" or just what she thinks of M. D.s—just ask her? Only her long-suffering room-mate knows all of "Johnnie's" talents, which include a hair-raising dance, the best tennis game in school, the best diver (no slow motion stuff here) and the funniest Junior in any school in the country.

Eleanor Fleming—

Wit (a true Irish one at that), originality, interest, that's Eleanor all over. Her fame and ability as a Marcel waver makes the "Eleanor Shop" (is that its name?) the most popular place in all the dorms. The Avilla House baby (because she can so perfectly imitate a wee one's squawl) has indeed won a warm spot in the hearts of all.

Ruth Crook—

"She carries the whole world on her shoulders" might have been said of Ruth. Her ability in dramatics and in her studies is well known. Whenever we want something done we ask Ruth. But she doesn't forget to smile.

Dorothea Betzer—

Who was it that got locked in the back room of Avilla House with the Junior Class President for three hours one night? Well, when "Truth Parties" are in vogue—?? Ask Dorothy. She knows. Always looking on the sunny side of life, she keeps us in constant peals of laughter. Bridge and boys are her hobbies.

Mary Malzen—

"The course of true love," etc., never runs smoothly, not even for our little Mary, one of the best cadets in the Junior Class. Did you ever mention Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" to Mary? Or was it Spring Festivals? To a very popular girl we wish all happiness and best of luck.

Beulah Boyers—

Beulah thought she was not getting enough attention, so she decided to go to the hospital, an emergency case. "Never mind, she is a mighty fine girl if she hasn't any appendix" (apologies to "Abie's Irish Rose").

Helen Rudeck—

Helen is the girl with the biting sense of humor, and incidentally the composer of one of our famous campaign songs, "Whang Bang." She is quite talented in the literary field and is noted for her quick movements both mentally and physically.

Ruth Currie—

Ruth is that demure-looking little girl from Tarkio, and I've heard it said, one of the best little cadets ever! All Thomas House regrets is that she finds it so difficult to obtain her proper and necessary amount of sleep. Perhaps she may be able to catch up this summer. We so trust. Won't you tell us about it, Ruth?



Blanch Knox
1729 Fifth Ave.
Moline, Ill.

Grace Baird
300 Courtland
Park Ridge, Ill.

Margaret Welch
Genoa, Nebr.

Martha Keeney
1226 S. First St.
Evansville, Ill.

Emma Remensnyder
Winamac, Ind.

Sarah Shamberg
5656 Byron St.
Chicago, Ill.

Mary McMahon
711 Tyler St.
Gary, Ind.

Helen Mattison
251 Oakland Ave.
Pontiac, Mich.

Susan Evans
White, S. Dak.

Florence Hayes
1436 E. Marquette Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

Edith Upp
1445 Tenace Blvd.
Tulsa, Okla.

Blanch Knox—

Whether it is a party, a dance, or just an exam Blanch is always on the spot. One of the best liked girls in the school. Did you ever see her sad? She has a smile and a "Hello" for everyone. Won't we miss her though. I wonder how she'll get along without Martha.

Grace Baird—

A worshipper of the fine arts, music and drawing in particular. Maybe that accounts for her popularity in interpretation of music class with Mr. Arnold. As for her interest in art, well, when a girl plans a third year at N. K. E. C. and then suddenly changes her mind????? Only an artist could do it.

Margaret Welch—

Very quiet, but when the right time comes around she shows her pep. Margaret possesses refined manners and is a good student—these things tell their own tale in the long run.

Martha Keeney—

You know that tall, dark girl that pals around with Blanch Knox and Lib Conroy, seen most frequently at the Tea Chest? Whether the Tea Chest pays Martha to appear there daily as "attractive advertisement" or not we are unable to say, but we know that she is capable. Forgot to say she is also a good student—a rather rare combination.

Emma Remensnyder—

One of Indiana's daughters, but we couldn't call her a "Hoosier" because the name just doesn't fit. "Girls, do you have positions yet? Why I've written twenty-five applications and never heard from one." Better luck in the next twenty-five, Emma.

Sarah Shamberg—

Yes, everyone agrees on it, Sarah is National's living French doll. A very tiny little trick with the blackest of curls, the roundest of brown eyes, and the reddest of tiny lips. If you saw her in a store window you'd just naturally go in and buy her. She was one of the fireflies in "On Fairies' Wings."

Mary McMahon—

One of the "Gang from Gary" and Mary Esther's better half. Mary is what is known in Swedish as "tres petite" and is an excellent dancer. She was one of the boys in Pinocchio and "done noble." We'll miss you, Mary.

Helen Mattison—

Another pretty blonde we add to our list. Helen is a capable girl as well as a fine dancer. We like her very much.

Susan Evans—

One who is very conscious and has never missed a recitation. She astounded us all by bobbing her hair. We thought Susan was the last person in the world to do that. We hope she enjoys us as much as we enjoy her.

Florence Hayes—

Do you remember that good-looking "Candle Girl" in the "Sleeping Princess?" Well, that was Florence. In spite of numerous pleas from Ziegfeld to give up her profession, Flo remained true to the College. The result is one more dandy teacher-to-be.

Edith Upp—

Hailin' from the warm parts of our country, Edith came to National and set us all a'laughin'. Why, it used to be so bad she couldn't get up in class and recite without the whole room going into convulsions in advance. As big as a minute you can spot her a mile off by her bobbing walk and her flaming her hair. Everybody's going to miss your sunshine, Edith. Here's to you!



Marguerite Heuck

1419 Lake St.
Evanston, Ill.

Elizabeth Foster

401 House Ave.
Oak Park, Ill.

Virginia Saunders

4027 N. Kildare Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Irene Stark

1906 Bradley Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Lillian Craigie

6438 S. Albany Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Jane Hebblethwaite

1219 Elmwood Ave.
Evanston, Ill.

Lenore Mahlman

405 Bench St.
Galena, Ill.

Iona Warner

622 E. Sixth St.
Alton, Ill.

Gladys Johnson

Cokato, Minn.

Ellen Rubel

5112 Kimbark Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Ethel Solomon

5206 Engleside Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Marguerite Heuck—

Marguerite comes in from Evanston every morning with the rest of the "Evanston Gang." She is quiet but lots of fun, and we really don't see how she gets her grades sitting up as late as she does.

Elizabeth Foster—

"Pudge" made her first debut in General Psychology by having wonderful grades and being Dr. Webb's pet. In spite of her psychological understanding, she is continually ready to lend the necessary helping hand and in all ways to herself a good friend. She is one of the few that still had her "crowning glory" when this missle went to press.

Virginia Saunders—

Coming from Downers Grove every day is enough to try the patience of a saint, but Virginia refuses to have her's tried. She is usually seen scowling and has a craze for weird things—but no one seems to be scared of her, for she has a host of friends.

Irene Stark—

Loved by all her classmates, but she has a will of her own. What would we do without her at the desk. She is always so patient when we are not.

Lillian Craigie—

Two years of friendship with Lillian impresses us especially with the fact that she is not unusually quiet. She has many characteristics of a good teacher—we know that she is out for success.

Mrs. Jane Hebblethwaite—

If you didn't know a single girl in the school, it would be very difficult for you to pick out the missus from our crowd. You probably would be wrong every guess. An excellent scholar, and a good friend, she also has the privilege of being a mother.

Lenore Mahlman—

Lenore is a link in the Saunders, Milligan and Miller chain. She always has her work in before the rest of us. Pep is no name for her. She has a disposition we all envy.

Iona Warner—

One of the few who still maintain that woman's "crowning glory is her hair." Well, if we all had such a glory of auburn tresses as yours maybe we would feel likewise.

Gladys Johnson—

Always good-natured and willing—is Glad. We need more girls here like her and more of her type of teacher, too. Well, if she doesn't teach a public kindergarten she will probably have a private one—but then we can't blame the men for choosing N. K. E. C. girls for wives.

Ellen May Rubel—

Her terrific enthusiasm immediately made her school cheer leader—red hot. Dramatics claimed her, and she starred in "Pinocchio." The piano speaks a syncopated language at her bidding; she's a brilliant conversationalist; she wields a surprisingly clever pen; and I've heard it said that any man who is so lucky as to have a dance with her, acclaims her the perfect dancer. The fastest moving and most clever girl in the school—we can safely say anything she does is well done—and she does most everything.

Ethel Solomon—

Enhanced by a dark, mysterious beauty, Ethel is one of the most interesting girls in school. We get more good laughs at her every time she opens her mouth—she is honestly a sure cure for the "blues." Aside from her hobby of being lazy, Solly reads numerous books (of strange titles), plays much golf, wore out long-suffering horses, played a mean piano, subscribed yearly to the "Last Row" and liked many blonde men.



Margaret Healy
111 Habbill Ave.
Houghton, Mich.

Gertrude Jeffrey
605 Wilcox St.
Joliet, Ill.

Etta Knudsen
516 Melrose Ct.
Clinton, Iowa.

Elizabeth Holtgreve
328 Linn St.
Peoria, Ill.

Marie McGreevy
101 Lakeview Appt.
Duluth, Minn.

Marion Davis
1328 Prescott St.
Marinette, Wisc.

Emma Perelle
Juneau, Alaska.

Mary Esther Ransel
749 Adams St.
Gary, Ind.

Ella Jeanette Vennum
229 E. Mulberry St.
Watseka, Ill.

Marjorie Fowler
132 E. Tenth St.
Fremont, Nebr.

Josephine Morris
1983 Edison Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Margaret Healy—

Sparkling, gray-eyed Peg—you rogue! masquerading under the nom de plume of Margaret—we do think a lot of you! As a diver Peg makes a fine anchor—but then all pure things do not float. As a traveling companion in a Pullman she's great and she's one of the "five followers of Felix." She is not troubled with a weak heart, otherwise severe shocks would have killed her long ago.

Gertrude Jeffrey—

We sometimes wonder what men see in such slim girls, but they must see plenty. For Gert has a "knockout" and she calls him "My Man." You can't really blame her for running down to the penitentiary every week end, now can you?

Etta Knudsen—

Etta is one of the blondest girls in the world—and pretty! Tall and willowy, always serenely smiling, you'd never know her to be the same "roughneck" on the third floor of Thomas. You should see her pick up poor little Edith and toss her across the room.

Elizabeth Holtgreve—

Here is our prize "Strawberry Blonde." We wonder how she keeps that "schoolgirl complexion," and such round, blue, innocent eyes. Elizabeth is said to be a "High Stepper" and wastes no time in packing that weakend bag. We wonder if she'll be a geno or a phenotype?

Marie McGreevy—

We offer for your approval this little racer-runabout, made in Duluth. It has all the speed desired in a racing car, all the wearing qualities of a runabout, stunning, well bred in appearance. It makes a good pal in rainy or sunny weather. What's that—Oh! It prefers being driven by a red-headed man!

Marion Davis—

Good stuff—Marion Davis. She's got just the proper proportions of fun, stick-to-iveness, good sense, and nonsense to make a typical National girl. Vice-President of the Junior Class, member of Student Council, member of the Choir, and one of the famous Pinocchio boys are a few of the accomplishments of this versatil and good-looking lady.

Emma Perelle—

If you are looking for a true friend you are looking for Emma Perelle. Emma hails from the land where men are men—Alaska. All joking aside, we all love and admire Emma and all mighty glad that she came way down from Alaska to be with us this year.

Mary Esther Ransel—

Just the name brings a picture to our minds; brown bobbed hair, sparkling eyes, smiling face—everyone knows her. Mary Esther is like the early spring breeze—she blows in so lovely and refreshing. Her sunny disposition, her hosts of friends are all characteristic of her. She has been a great playmate, always doing the unexpected. Her charming smile, enthusiasm, frank spontenity, and the mischievous sparkle in her eyes, behind which one finds funds of knowledge, have made her very dear to our hearts.

Ella Jeanette Vennum—

Did you ever see a lassie as dainty as this one? Ella is always dependable, whether for work, play or a play. She won our hearts in "Briar Rose," as the Princess, and as the Blue Fairy in "Pinocchio." She went through fire and water last year as Freshman president and we tremendously admire her courage and the accomplishments she achieved in that office with such a difficult "gang" to manage. She has as many men as you've noted fraternity pins, but can you wonder?

Marjorie Fowler—

Marg. doesn't quite go around with a lamp in the day-time looking for an honest man, like the famous Diogenes did, still, it is whispered, she is somewhat skeptical where the opposite sex is concerned. She made the special art class (which speaks for itself) and doesn't bleieve in the motto "Silence is fourteen carat"—I mean "golden."

Josephine Morris—

"Joe" reminds us of the song called "Innocent Eyes." Honestly, in classes she's the sweetest, dearest, smartest pupil—and gets away with it, too. But never mind, Innocent Eyes, they should see the pugilistic bouts staged in your room—or the midnight feasts or—well, enough is enough! Detroit claims Joe as her own and while there are many Harrys and Bills there—well, after all, Ken lives in Chicago!



Ruth Hardy
5747 Kimbark Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Helen Dapogny
3411 W. 62nd Pl.
Chicago, Ill.

Luciel Childress
Sheldon, Ill.

Rose Lande
4727 Monticello Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Jonquil Stephens
5330 Dorchester Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Arlene Johnson
Fennsville, Mich.

Virginia Huff
556 Madison
Gary, Ind.

Philomena Bianco
4525 W. Gladys Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth Priday
324 N. Spring St.
La Grange, Ill.

Estell Yerestky
1424 Hyde Park Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

Alma Grobee
709 Maple St.
Atlantic, Iowa.

Ruth Hardy—

Gifted with a fine, clear brain, a keen sense of humor, and a wonderful talent for dancing, Ruth has won a place for herself in the short space of one year. Incidentally she directs a kindergarten in the mornings and carries an unearthly number of subjects, and yet has time for a good laugh and a pleasant word for all.

Helen Dapogny—

We thought her quite a demure little Miss at first, but after you really know Helen you'll find what fun she is. Did you ever see her at noon without her can of soup and soda crackers?

Luciel Childress—

Lucille is another one of us who puts on a veneer of reserve to protect a carefree and happy-go-lucky nature. Never prepared for lessons, she is the picture of the model scholar; therefore never gets called on, but, Lucy, we've got your number.

Rose Lande—

Hail the kitchen help! All the town girls recognize a valuable addition when they see one, and this is why, if anyone ever wants anything in our kitchen we ask, "Where is Rose?" She is a helping hand indeed.

Jonquil Stephens—

Grace Ellen Jonquil Stephens, to be very correct, otherwise known as Jonquil. A character out of a quaint book, and over from England only two years. Her delightful accent fascinates us, and would you suspect her of writing a book, or being an atheist? Also an accomplished artist and musician? Well, she is all of these, and the life of our class when she begins about "in a little Welsh town."

Alma Grobee—

Alma is not alone an excellent and experienced teacher, but a fine student and all 'round good sport. She is a member of the College Choir and is quite an accomplished pianist, and really she'd do anything for you, if you asked her to.

Arlene Johnson—

Newly made member of the "shingle club," we salute you! Here is a good all 'round type of National girl, who can sing and dance and work and play—and it's a known fact that she knows "how" when it comes to teaching little children.

Virginia Huff—

Intellectual but funny as the dickens is this comic muse called Virginia. She is one of the ladies in "Jonquil's Court," which is in session each noon on the cushions upstairs. Just ask her her view on the subject of osalation—or religion.

Philomena Bianco—

One of our tiniest girls. She is quick, active and dark. They say she was born in Italy and is very musical. Music goes a long way in helping to become a kindergartner, my dear.

Elizabeth Priday—

One of those girls always running for the three ten. Did you ever notice her smile when the bell rings on time. But there is always one thing you may be sure of—her watch. It may differ with the clocks, but they are wrong. Hint—for correct time see Elizabeth.

Estelle Yeretsky—

Estelle placidly goes through school, knocking on an A here and an A there without any evident trace of exertion where Estelle is concerned. But we know she works. There is no bluffing with this young lady. She is also the best swimmer and diver we have, but if you waited for her to tell you, you would never know, she's that modest.



Louise Hall
Clarksville, Texas.

Stella Nicol
515 Fourth St., N. E.
Watertown, S. Dak.

Bertha Farrington
1276 Early Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Margaret Mangan
124 N. Broadway
New Hampton, Iowa.

Luella Vander Molen
10 S. Washington St.
Hinsdale, Ill.

Mabel McKelvey
711 St. Louis Ave.
Nashville, Ill.

Elizabeth Conroy
117 E. Mistole Ave.
San Antonio, Texas.

Dorothy Bordwell
96 Saratoga Ave.
Downers Grove, Ill.

Omo Greener
4940 Indiana Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Vivian Larson
501 "E" St.
La Porte, Ind.

Dorothy Cooper
Bryn Athyn, Penna.

Louise Hall—

Who's that making all the racket among the lockers? That's Louise. Well, who's that keeping that crowd in gales of laughter? That's Louise, too. Well, tell me who belongs to that lazy southern drawl? For goodness sake, inquisitive, if you must know, Louise is in and out of everything in school, and you just see her long enough to tell what color the heels on her shoes are.

Stella Nichol—

Very fine in music and art. I have heard it rumored that she may make our College minstrels. Her gracious manners mark her the lady.

Bertha Farrington—

Bertha first impresses one as being very quiet, but her quietness is really merely a veil to cover her calm disposition. We will always think of the pretty picture you made as a little Japanese lady serving at the Junior Tea.

Margaret Mangan—

"Euphonia," as she was named upon her arrival, is exquisitely droll, and incidentally a fine girl, with a streak of music under a vocabulary that would make Benjamin Franklin turn green with envy. Mangan is O. K., providing she does not ask questions in class.

Luella Vander Molen—

Luella is unusually quiet. She is full of rare ideas and fun, however. Quite contrary to her general appearance, she is full of pep. Luella attends all the College functions. The only time she shows a flare of temper is when the three ten train pulls out without her.

Mable McKelvey—

Her bright, intelligent face in a classroom is almost enough to fire us with scholastic ambition. While Mabel carries on discussions far above us, we wonder if she has studied all that or if it has just "sneaked in?" But, fortunately, Mabel forgets all that sort of thing outside of the class-room—and she does enjoy dancing.

Elizabeth Conroy—

Plump, pretty "Liz" Conroy. She's got a dimple in her chin, and she has a way of forgetting her R's that is simply charming. Chuck full of mischievousness and sheer fun is "Lib," and we're proud to claim her as a National product.

Dorothy Bordwell—

We were very glad to get Dorothy back after her accident. We know she is a good cook after the way she helped the town girls at their party. A good student and an all 'round sport.

Omo Greener—

Omo is so quiet in class we forget that she is there, but when exams, around she does her best work. A grade of 94 per cent in History of Ed. means nothing in her young life. She is true blue and her good sportsmanship in playground games is something that we may all copy to advantage.

Vivian Larson—

"Aint love grand?" Ask Vivian, she knows, with a letter from Purdue every day. Uncle Sam (or Cupid) does good business with these two. However, we think he's mighty luck to win such a fine, sensible, all around dandy girl. Best wishes, Viv., and plenty of five-pound boxes of Fanny May's candy.

Dorothy Cooper—

A in Sociology, A in Psychology, A in —! Yes, you are right. It's "Penny" Cooper, our high marks expert. Her talents are by no means limited to the intellectual field. She is grace itself in demonstration rhythms. A native of Pennsylvania, she specializes in music, trips to Europe, and—shhhh—letters from mysterious French youths.



Valasta Vnuk
Dodge, Nebr.

Elsa Stecker
Dodge, Nebr.

Grace Dannatt
711 Seventh Ave.
Clinton, Iowa.

Grace Cahoon
1441 College Ave.
Racine, Wisc.

Nannette Yetter
Stewart, Ill.

Rachel Harlem
805 Walnut St.
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Myra June Parker
Vienna, Ill.

Roena Mulford
6315 Woodlawn Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Pearce
4559 Greenwood Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Elenore M. Storr
79 Orchard St.
Zanesville, Ohio.

Marion Darnill
Warren, Ill.

Ruth Angelo
643 Alexander
San Fernando, Calif.

Valasta Vnuk—

Valasta Vnuk, common name, Venus; biological locality, Dodge, Nebr., a regular corn husker. Favorite song, "Just a Girl That Men Forget." Favorite saying, "Hot Doodle Am." An all 'round good sport and well liked by all who know her. As good looking as her name would indicate. Venus will surely be missed next year, especially by her room-mates.

Elsie Stecker—

A girl who lives by the golden rule. She has lots of pep and is a good student. A stranger going out to Modonna Center several months after she had been there was greeted by "Do you know our Miss Elsie?"

Grace Dannatt—

One never sees this fair maiden without her side partner, La Verne. The inseparable two. It is a case of "I have a little shadow," etc. Puzzle: Which one is the shadow? She is a good student, note books up to date, papers in on time. There would be less burning of midnight oil if more of us were like her.

Grace Cahoon—

Did you see her dance like a clown last year? Did you hear her, yes, braw as a donkey this year? What will Grace be doing next? She has been well named Grace and is one of the best loved girls in our school.

Nanette Yetter—

We feel sure that Nan knows more History of Education than the rest of us because she made such a hit with Dr. Clement that she had to call roll for us. Nan really is very bright, and a peach of a sport as well. A good combination, all will agree who know Nan.

Rachel Harlem—

"Midge," a student, a good sport, a good friend and a tactful, efficient class president, which latter fact she has proved in her successful work with the Junior class. When "Midge" appeared at the Senior play dressed in a brief frock, short socks and an immense hair bow, we scarcely recognized our dignified president—but then, you know, "Good things come in small parcels."

Myra June Parker—

Myra June holds the distinction of being the only girl in school who rouges her eyes. (Send stamped addressed envelope for details.) She always has ten or twelve men at her beck and call, and worries the poor scale in Room III to death trying to beat one hundred and five. Myra June also makes a tough boy—you should have seen her in Pinocchio.

Roena Mulford—

Golden voiced Roena, N. K. E. C.'s nightingale and famous as a member of the celebrated "Strolling Minstrels," also broadcasted frequently from the Drake—it won't be long before you are nationally famous. Contrary to most singers, Rowena is filled with enthusiasm enough for five or six girls half her size. We wish you luck, "Row."

Dorothy Pearse—

"Situated at 2944 Michigan Boulevard"—'tis the mighty voice of our N. K. E. C. broadcasting operator. For pep, personality, and a good pal, it is hard to find Dot's equal. A keen student and good sportsman, she stars in swimming and diving. Speaking of water, we've heard (BIG MYSTERY) her favorite word is prohibition. Why? Ask Dot.

Mrs. Elenore M. Storr—

Do you know that we owe the beauty and design of those lovely new lamp shades in the Library to Mrs. Storr's artistic abilities? Mrs. Storr is a regular National girl, because not only is she a House Mother and student, but she also bobbed her hair!

Marion Darnill—

Marion is a very quiet and studious person. She is still one of those who get up early for she has not parted with her crowning glory yet. Tell Marion there is yet time. A lover of nature and always willing to hike any place on the face of the earth. A jolly good teacher and always full of pep.

Ruth Angelo—

Ruth Angelo is our coming author—she has already written several articles dealing with the Project Method of Instruction, which have been published. But Ruth's accomplishments do not end here—she also plays a "mean fiddle"—and we'll miss her merry pranks and "funny faces."

Lillian Heine
R. R. 7, Box 53
Evansville, Ind.

She of the play spirit and aesthetic propensities—the single-handed orchestra for all Farrar Circuses. Address, Evansville, Ind., which town "has it all over the slow Chicagy."

Bonnie Orlady
Durand, Wisc.

Bonnie only came in February. She and Susan manage to keep South House in order. She's as pretty as a picture only more so, because what picture could we enjoy like this lassie of ours.

Alice Mehder
1414 Flett Ave.
Racine, Wisc.

Alice is one of the sweetest girls in the school. She has pretty, soft, brown hair and blue eyes. Alice is quiet, but when you get acquainted with her you realize her worth.

Dorothea Copp
5243 Race Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy was chosen to be one of the trumpeters in the big Spring Festival. If she will always blow her own horn as beautifully as she did that one we just know there isn't any superintendent that wouldn't give her a kindergarten any time.

Mildred Gilbertson
4422 N. Long Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Who tells the instructors a thing or two about teaching school, and keeps us amused in the most trying times by anecdotes of her life—well, it's this lady. She knows the meaning of co-operation, too, and is a helpful and loyal class mate.

Patra Lee Smith
5719 Midway Pk.
Chicago, Ill.

She's captain of our zig-zag ball team and it's some team, due to her coaching. One of Miss Baker's stand-bys in Elementary Curriculum. Children will love her, we know.

Fordyce Fidelia Funk
718 Logan St.
Holdridge, Nebr.

(By one who knows her well.)
"Red" and "Green" are her favorite colors. She must have a great deal of diversion, and a good time (another word for "dates") any time, every time and all the time. Still, we understand she wears a lovely diamond. Can you explain it? Look at her picture!

Mildred Frazee
133 W. Ninth St.
Anderson, Ind.

At first we thought she was twins. But the other half isn't even any relation to her. She is one of our librarians, and as those requirements are high you know what we think of her.

Miriam Risser
126 Main St.
Evanston, Ill.

The late Miss Risser. If you hear the door open after class has begun and some one quietly coming in you may be sure it is she. Also she is keen about athletics—as section two knows only to well. We are glad you came to N. K. E. C., Miriam, and wish we knew you better.

Annetta Whitman
Hamilton, Mo.

Always sweet and cheerful, she works hard, too. Annetta is small, I doubt if she weighs very much either, but you just watch her get somewhere—she's that kind, you know.

Junior Class History

OUR growing up was as startling as Alice's after she had eaten the cake with the currant-letters. Here we were, Juniors, and feeling very much as Alice did when she said good-bye to her feet—for inside we did not feel a mite more grown up than we did as Freshmen only a year before. But we did have to keep stride with our high-sounding title. So we determined for one thing, to make Miss Mount feel proud of "her Juniors."

We romped at the end of a balloon-string out at our campus-to-be, and sang songs between bites of "hot dogs" on a sunset-colored beach. That was in the fall—so you see we started from the first to exhibit unquenchable spirit. Worthy example to the Freshmen! For those young people and the Faculty, we gave a Hallowe'en party.

Cadeting in the morning and classes in the afternoon kept us busy the first semester. Our life was too dashing for us to get into a rut—but just to prove it, we startled the College with something new. "Chaff from the Stables," we have published at intervals, our secret hope being that it should become a permanent possession of N. K. E. C.

Though we toiled along, yes and played, inconspicuously, yet we never slumbered. To help fill the box of chaff, we presented a clever (ask anyone) stunt one Tuesday "after Chapel."

We loaned our alarm clocks to the Freshmen the second semester and struggled through Philosophy. Our days were so full we wondered how we had time to cadet before. We proved our good sportsmanship in games, and became quite athletic—swimming and playing basket-ball. Of course, that necessitated bobbing our hair.

We helped put over a Red Cross Drive and we had not forgotten the **College fund**, for we were in two performances of "Pinocchio"—one on the North Shore and one on the South Side. We heard "our" little Viola Mitchell do wonderful things with her violin and enjoyed the Faculty's musical entertainments.

Our last weeks were full—better say fuller—of rehearsals for our Spring Festival. In our Nature tramps we discovered beauties even in Chicago.

Then thinking suddenly that June might mean something besides vacation, we became pensive, and, much as we loathed it, sentimental. Maybe it was a comfort that we had carried on N. K. E. C.'s traditions, become a part of them, and even started others—but there was still that lump in our throats that we could not "swallow past."

We couldn't see enough of each other, we just couldn't. We joined forces with our little sister Freshmen, and gave a lovely May-dancing party for the Seniors.

Then one day we knew that those white scrolls—diplomas—would be ours, just as soon as we walked through the daisy chain the Freshmen had made for us and the Seniors. And since we were always "forward-looking," we encouraged ourselves with the thought that we, too, could be Seniors some day.

So we went out from you, N. K. E. C., with a smile, leaving **with you** our love for ever and ever.

R. H.



Freshman Class History

THE Freshmen this year were much the same as in previous years—all going around rather aimlessly, yet wanting to give the appearance that they were quite at home. The second day of school there was a large mass meeting. It was here that the new girls saw all the Faculty assembled and were given a word of welcome by Miss Baker, our President. After this meeting we all were invited to various houses and here served with tea and introduced to the girls. Rather an informal "get-together" affair. The Juniors, who acted as big sisters, certainly did all in their power to make the new girls comfortable, planning parties for them, introducing them to the girls and helping in any way possible.

The first social event on the calendar was a party given by the Seniors. Each class had a stunt and the Freshmen, in order to act out their part, appeared in short dresses, their hair in braids and topped with high green bows. Hildegarde Von Barandy acted as temporary chairman of the class for the first month and at the end of that time there was a class meeting at which the following officers were chosen: Kathryn Smith, president; Hildegarde Von Barandy, vice-president; Lois McCandless, secretary, and Virginia Chase, treasurer. Miss Lanphier was chosen class sponsor, and has very admirably piloted the class thus far on its journey.

Our attention was next turned to the Junior Hallowe'en Party. This was a huge success, even though we were considerably frightened by the moans and groans of the ghosts flitting about here and there; weird stories which were told and the gruesome things which happened to us.

Soon after our return from the Christmas vacation the Freshmen entertained the upper classmen at a party. Some of the talent in the class was brought to light at this time. Hilda Parker gave some splendid readings and Wanda Nestman did some fancy dancing. Throughout the year groups of fifteen in number were invited to meet Miss Baker every Monday afternoon at tea in Thomas House. These teas were thoroughly enjoyed by the girls as it was here that they really had a chance to talk to Miss Baker and become acquainted.

And now as our first year is drawing to a close, we realize it has passed all too quickly. We have become so well acquainted that we shall all be looking forward to next year when we can renew our friendships and continue with the same good will and spirit that has marked our life this year.

K. S.





Freshman Midyears

Ann Myers, President

Edna B. Browne, Vice-President

Mary Carter, Secretary-Treasurer

Last and least (in quantity only) come the Midyears—eighteen of them. They, too, have been making history, and for the first time there is a Mid-year class organization, with sponsor, president, and all the "fixin's."

Student Government

THE Student Government Association is just what its name implies—an association of students which regulates the dormitories. The governing board is made up of:

President	Mary Caswell
Vice-President	Lois Taylor
Secretary	Ruth Dahl
Treasurer	Grace Cahoon

together with the tribunes of each house. The Association has a constitution which was made by the students themselves, and the students enforce all laws and regulations.

However, this is not a body which deals altogether with the serious problems of school life. It does have its humor even though it is staid. Not the least of our "frivolous" good times was our own Christmas Party. It was given in Avilla House. One peeping in on us would never have dreamed school teachers could be so excited over Santa Claus and the toys he brought.

In February we lost several of our number in the mid-year graduation. We gave them a farewell party in the College. There is no great loss without some gain, however, and we found in their place a brilliant new class. Of course, we could not let them enter without anything to worry about, so we put them on probation for two weeks. It certainly showed their pluck, when we asked them to give us an impromptu entertainment. Because of their cleverness we promptly decided they deserved a reward and initiated them into the Student Government.

The Dormitory girls, together with our town girls, sent two of our members as representatives to the I. K. U. convention in Minneapolis.

All in all we are an organization which maintains high standards for our College. Our College is just what we make it—what we are and what we do; therefore the aim of Student Government is to hold these standards high, now and in the years to come.



The Annual Staff

Elizabeth McCollum	Editor-in-Chief
Emma Mary Perelle	Assistant Editor
Helen Durstine	Business Manager
Grace Baird	Assistant Business Manager
Ellen Rubel	Literary Editor
Artice Simonson	Art Editor
Lois McCandless	Joke Editor
Olive Widowson	Joke Editor
Miss Clara Belle Baker	Literary Critic

The Student Council

THE Student Council is an organization composed of the President of the College, the social director, class officers and sponsors, editor-in-chief of the Annual and fire captain.

This organization is for the purpose of having a place where matters of interest to both Faculty and students may be brought and discussed. The group meets the first Thursday in every month at five o'clock and afterwards has dinner at Thomas House.

This year the Student Council sponsored the Red Cross Drive and the amount of \$219.00 was raised. They also gave clothing to the Student Friendship Fund. At Thanksgiving time gifts of vegetables and fruits were given by the girls, and at Christmas time each girl in the College gave a child's toy; these gifts were distributed by the Student Council to different missions in the city.

The Council has also tried to arouse in the girls the feeling of wanting to do the fair and square think in classes and elsewhere.

Members of Student Council

President	Jess Turner
Vice-President	Marian Summers
Secretary	Marion Davis
Treasurer	Virginia Chase

Miss Baker—President of College

Mrs. Kimball—Social Director

Miss Whitcomb—Publicity Secretary

Miss Farrar—Senior Sponsor

Miss Mount—Junior Sponsor

Miss Lanphier—Freshman Sponsor

Miss Petit—Mid-year Sponsor

Elizabeth McCollum	Rachel Harlem	Lois McCandless
Flora Rucker	Ruth Crook	Hildegarde Von Barandy
Helen Huffman	Susan Ansley	Ann Myers
Mildred Clow	Mary Caswell	Mary Carter
Thelma Copeland	Mary Esther Ransel	Edna Browne
Nellie Ball	Katharine Smith	

The Town Girls' Association

THE Town Girls are practically mere infants, only three years old. We're learning, though, just wait a few more years. We have had a difficult time getting acquainted, due to the fact that the first semester the Freshmen had one o'clock classes, and were out hours before we were, and the second semester we traded places with them.

I wonder how many of us will ever forget the parish house at Twenty-sixth street. I suggest that next year a big shingle, "Town Girls," be tacked above the doorway.

Well, we had our first get-together party March 13. Every girl was asked to accompany some young man. Some even braved the day and wore the conventional male garb. The committee certainly worked hard and to them the success of that party is credited.

We have regularly patronized local florists and gift shops and are doing our bit to send N. K. E. C. representatives to Minneapolis.

Our theater party, which was amply chaperoned by Mrs. Kimball and Miss Kearns, was a huge success. The Dune trip the following Saturday dampened the spirit of the Juniors, but those that did appear had both an enjoyable and profitable time. The dinner was wonderful, even if Dorothy didn't cook it.

There's a light flickering in the far beyond, but it's a secret as yet. You can never tell but it might be a party. Wouldn't it be fine if the town and dormitory girls could get together?

Two-thirds are leaving this commencement. To the remaining students we bequeath a lot of work. In our new building, you'll have a Town Girls' room to furnish. But, girls, just think how proud you will be to be able to invite us in for tea.

DANCES

On that eventful night we all went out to the Chicago Beach Hotel to trip the light fantastic to the syncopated strains of an unusually talented orchestra. During the course of the evening each Romeo drew a slip of paper from the famous Brown Derby on which was scribbled a fair damsel's name. Thrills! we met the other girl's man. Well, anyway, we had a grand time and we feel that, due to our committee and the co-operation of all the girls, our first dance of the season was a huge success.

Around St. Valentine's Day we always start looking about for valentines —you know how they are. We found them and took them out to the Chicago Beach again and had another marvelous time. The music? Well, we just want to tell you it was superb! The second dance was even better than the first. That's just the way it should be, isn't it?

Junior Basket-ball

DID we have fun in basket-ball this year? Whoopee! I'll say we did, teacher. The classes of other years don't know what they missed by not having had basket-ball. Of course, most of us were pretty crude at first, and if we hadn't had some stars like Lib Conroy we would have been lost, but with Lib as an example we were soon all little twinklers in the basket-ball firmament ourselves.

We learned the rudiments of the game and many an aching nose can testify to this. Then we organized into teams with Alice Miller and Elizabeth Foster as our valiant captains. Those on the teams were:

SECTION ONE

Jumping Center—Louise Hall.

Side Center—Francis Bensley, Betty Conroy.

Forward—Vera Larson, Arlene Johnson, Carol Hopper-
stead, Gwendolyn Jones.

Guard—Susan Ford, Elizabeth Foster (Capt.), Lois
Biege, Omo Greener, Blanche Knox.

SECTION TWO

Jumping Center—Nannette Yetter.

Side Center—Ella Jeanette Vennum, Helen McElroy.

Guards—Mary McMann, Virginia Huff.

Forwards—Mary Esther Ransel, Roena Mulford, Alice
Miller.

I'll not say which team was best, because you might accuse me of being biased, but, anyhow, we all had a great time and both sides won a number of games.

The biggest thing we learned was being a good sport and I think we'll all remember basket-ball when other memories have faded into the years—the game in which we learned to love our enemies and fight our friends in good sportsmanship.

M. E. R.

SWIMMING

Splash! Brrrr! and Oh!

All the above ejaculations can be heard every Monday and Wednesday afternoon, at the Y. W. C. A. tank, where the N. K. E. C. mermaids hold forth.

About half of the Junior class chose to become experts of the briny deep rather than basket-ball stars. Classes were formed on Mondays and Wednesdays and Miss Bus was the ever patient but successful instructor.

Considering this is N. K. E. C.'s first season in the aquatic sport, the few weeks have been most profitable and enjoyable.

M. M.

The Thanksgiving Festival

THE Thanksgiving Festival, which is always an inspiration to the girls of N. K. E. C., was held this year in Trinity Church.

The choir, impressive in their soft gray gowns, led the procession of girls who entered carrying offerings of artistically arranged fruits and vegetables, which were later distributed to many of Chicago's neediest families.

Our dear Miss Baker spoke to us about the real Thanksgiving that should always be in our hearts. The service ended with two friezes, "The Spirit of Thanksgiving" and "The Spirit of Prayer." These were both given in marked simplicity, but portraying the spirit of the season with pleasing charm and dignity.

R. E. D.

Festivals are a new experience for most of us Freshmen, and we made all manner of sport out of our first—the Thanksgiving Festival. We could see bringing gifts; what we could not see was doing it with display. Therefore we laughed. But much to our surprise, when it came right down to going through with it, from the moment the organ began to play, we felt the true beauty and solemnity of the occasion.

First there was the hubbub and confusion of preparation, but as the opening notes of the processional sounded a sudden calm settled over the "howling mob." The Faculty filed in, followed by the choir, the Seniors, the Juniors, and at last the Freshmen, and as we caught sight of the processional, with its fruits and flowers, we saw that it was really beautiful.

We were thrilled almost to tears with the frieze, though even as we admired, each one of us imagined herself going through the graceful movements of just such a frieze next Thanksgiving.

Before we thought it possible the choir began the recessional, and as we joined gladly in the hymn of Thanksgiving we realized that we had made a discovery—we hadn't thought the festival could possibly be beautiful or impressive, and it was—all of that!

M. L.

Knock! Knock!

Saint Peter at the gate—"Whose there?"

"It's me," a voice replied and the gate was opened.

Knock! Knock!

"Who is there?"

"It is I."

Saint Peter hesitated, then said: "It's another one of those pesky school teachers. **Go on down!**"



Vanity Fair

The Most Clever Girl	Ellen Rubel
The Most Talkative Girl	Jonquil Stevens
The Most Witty Girl	Helen Durstine
The Thinnest Girl	Bertha Finn
The Most Popular Girl	Kathryn Smith
The Prettiest Girl	Virginia Edgrin
The Most Stylish Girl	Katherine Kling
The Most Brilliant Scholar	Thelma Copeland
The Tallest	Katherine Fogal
The Shortest Girl	Sylvia Shamburg
The Sweetest Girl	Rachel Harlem
The Merriest Girl	Carol Hopperstead
The Most Likely to Succeed	Ruth Crook
The Meekest Girl	Etta Knudsen
The Most Industrious Girl	Inza Petty
The Greatest Favorite	Nellie Ball
The Freshest Girl	Pauline Harris
The Most Eccentric	Viola Morganroth
The Best Athlete	Frances Swanson
The Best Dancer	Wanda Nestman
The Music Master	Helen Huffman
The Best Singer	Roena Mulford
The Biggest Fusser	Margaret McKenna
The Most Melancholy	Iona Warner
The Most Religious	Carmella Rienzie
The Biggest Bluffer	Shirley Teller
The Least Studious	Any Senior
The Vainest	The Latest Bob
Most Conscientious	Lillian Heinie
Most Modest	Gladys Everett
The Most Artistic	Ardus Simonson
The Noisiest	Harriet Bradish
The Rowdiest	Marjory Fowler
The Most Bossy	Myra June Parker
The Best Cook	Mildred Clow

From the Files of The Daily News

"There is a story of a woman who used a telephone for the first time in ten years." (She must have lived near 2918 Michigan Avenue.)

Heard Through Swinging Doors of Room III

First Student—"What did the Greeks contribute to civilization?"
Second Student—"Section hands."

A Little Storr-y

"**B**ISHOP, will you marry us in a hurry?" asked the Hardy Sargent as he dashed in the door.

It was a summer's day and poor Sargent only had a leave of absence. The Bishop gave his consent and out in the Hall they dashed—out the door to the Sargent's Ford.

"Climb Upp," said the Sargent, and off they went.

On the way they were stopped by a Baker.

"Could you tell me the way to the Mills?" he asked.

They did not know he was a Crook until a few minutes later when a miller stopped them and told them about him.

"Call a Copp," they suggested, so they did.

"We were Greener than we thought," said the Sargent. "A Fowler person never lived than that Crook!"

"Dannat! Listen to the Knox in this Ford! I hope we'll get there!"

They arrived in his fiance's home, an hour late. The girl was in a Huff because they were so late, but she was some Dahl! She was so angry she began to Ball. After a brief explanation she was soon sitting on the Sargent's Lapp.

"Oh! I am about to Freis! Let's go in!"

"Parker inside," said the Bishop; so in they went.

The ceremony began. The Bishop asked the Sargent the first Riddle to which he correctly answered "I do." The Dahl's color began to Mount, and when it came time for her to reply her Hart was beating so, she could hardly answer.

Finally the Webb was completely woven, the Bishop was given his Kahl, and with a look of Solomon, he departed in the Hays of the late afternoon.

In the twilight you could see them Kling to each other.

TO OBTAIN A HIGH MARK

Recipe No. I

Decide which subject is in need of a higher **mark**. Use that teacher as a victim and try the following:

1. If you have that teacher for a housemother—study—study—study!
2. Ask many questions to show deep interest in lesson.
3. Stir questions thoroughly with many smiles.
4. Leave your mouth open—that intructor may know you're swallowing the answer.
5. Sweets and flowers may be added to insure satisfaction and to enhance the taste.
6. Continue this method until marks are received and a high grade will be the result.

TO MAKE A BLUFF

Recipe No. II

1. Select an easy teacher.
2. Don't study your lesson.

Method A—

1. Be familiar with the chapter headings.
2. Appear eager to recite.
3. Add a large amount of imagination.
4. Cover well with smiles and a look of intelligence.
5. If corrected, explain to instructor that all questions have two sides and her's may not be wrong.
6. Lead instructor to discuss some side issues and raise no objections to the perfect marks you will be accorded.

Method B—

1. Rise to your feet and smile at instructor.
2. Assume questioning look, and then explain that you had been looking for her to ask that particular question.
3. After the point has been explained assure instructor that the matter is now perfectly clear.
4. Tell instructor that a mark of 90 per cent is all that will be expected as you were unable to find her before class.

Bird Notes

This is the migratory season for birds and it may prove interesting to our readers who are ornithologists, to study a few of our neighbors.

English Sparrow: Of the chattering, scrappy variety, commonly known as the "Jonquil Bird."

Flamingo: Of two varieties. First is known as the "Dahl Flamingo," has red head feathers and is graceful in its flight. Second is known as the "Tate Flamingo" and is similar and has faster motions.

Olive Warbler: Nests in North Shore, around Evanston. Has a merry chirp; its call is "Ike-Ike-Ike-Ike," growing louder and faster.

Red-Headed Woodpecker, or the "Upp Bird": Has a twangy note and migrates from the far South.

Nightingale—of two varieties:

"Kling Bird." This bird flies only by night and is the fastest of the species. Habitat: Neighboring gardens and terraces.

"Warbling Nightingales," "Strolling Minstrel Birds." Most musical of the species. They have a very beautiful call which is very pleasing to hear.

Bob-o-link, also called "Shingle Bird": This bird is infesting our "campus" at a terrific rate. It is very sassy in appearance.

Purple Martin—of two varieties:

"Doctor Martin." The more serious of the species. Delves deep in the heart of the world.

"Marion Martin." The more spirited of the species. Always jumping and hopping around, never still. Its call is "Jo-Jo."

Minus Quantities

Ten girls of N. K. E. C.
Were standing in a line;
One saw her report card,
And then there were only nine.

Nine girls of N. K. E. C.,
One came to classes late;
Miss Petit, alas, had called the roll,
And then there were only eight.

Eight girls of N. K. E. C.
Whose thoughts were far from heaven;
One sneaked out of Philosophy class,
And then there were only seven.

Seven girls of N. K. E. C.
Were in an awful fix;
One didn't know of Mendel's law,
And then there were only six.

Six girls of N. K. E. C.
Were learning how to dive;
One cracked her head in the "Y" pool,
And then there were only five.

Five girls of N. K. E. C.
Thought History a bore;
One flunked on a final,
And then there were only four.

Four girls of N. K. E. C.
Saw, one day, a poplar tree;
One said it was a maple,
And then there were only three.

Three girls of N. K. E. C.
Had books that were overdue;
Miss Peterson got after one,
And then there were only two.

Two girls of N. K. E. C.
Were chewing pepsin gum;
Miss Lanphier looked at one of them,
And then there was only one.

One girl of N. K. E. C.
Was having lots of fun;
She "dated" till after twelve P. M.,
Now my tale is done!

E. W.

The Noon Lunch Hour
(With apologies to Longfellow)

Between the morning and afternoon sessions,
When the sun is beginning to glower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the noon lunch hour.

I hear in the hall behind me
The patter of many feet;
While steaming out of the kitchen
Are odors spicy and sweet.

From the landing I see in the hallway
A line that is near a mile long—
All waiting impatient together
For the very first sound of the gong.

The chef to the maids in the kitchen
Dishes out navy beans, soup, and tea,
For all these slim little lassies
Are as hungry as they can be.

They grab a plate and a napkin
And a cracker and cookie or two;
Then comes the hardest of all tasks
That a dorm. girl has to do.

To put all the food together
So that nothing at all will fall,
Takes lots of practice and patience
And equilibrium most of all.

Everyone walks—oh, so slowly,
And looks not to right nor to left.
Some of the girls drop nothing
And others are not quite so deft.

The speed with which they devour food
Surprises even me.
The boarding-house reach is common—
That anyone can see.

When each girl has finished eating
She grabs up silver and plate,
And takes them back to the kitchen—
Nobody has to wait.

Say, girls, when we're far from the College
And the sun is beginning to glower,
We all of us will remember
The precarious noon lunch hour.

My Tray Is a Boat
(With apologies to Stevenson)

My tray is like a little boat
Wherein my dishes park.
Therein my soup and crackers float;
They think it is a lark.

At noon I clutch my tray and say,
"Here goes," to all my friends about;
I squint my eyes and grope my way;
I try not spill a drop.

When I my journey safely make,
As careful maidens sometimes do,
Perhaps I eat a crumb of cake,
Perhaps a bean or two.

All noon across the room I peer
At trembling maidens creeping past,
Till safe their prunes and hash they steer
Unto their place at last.

The College Minstrels and Pinocchio

"I had a little sail boat,
Her decks were new, and all painted blue;
I had a little sail boat,
And sailed it on the brook, Tra-la,
And sailed it on the brook."

Thus they introduced themselves, "Our College Minstrels," and surely they were the most picturesque and colorful part of the school year.

Look! Coming down the center aisle is the balloon girl. They immediately surround her and again we hear:

"Oh, see the balloon man with many balloons,
A beautiful red one I'll buy;
I'll carry it out to a wide open space
And let it go up in the sky."

Then in natural artistic groupings they made their way joyously to the front of the room and again the strum of cords was heard as they sang:

"Do you like balloons and toys and candy?
The play Pinocchio you'll think it dandy.
Strolling minstrels we, singing ha-ha so gayly—
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Thus they introduced to the waiting crowd the College play.

No words can describe the thrills Ellen gave us as she romped through the scenes impersonating the wooden Pinocchio, and melting the heart of the

fierce "Fire-eater." She was ably supported by Ruth Crook, who took the part of Pinocchio's father, Geppetto.

Never will we forget the good "Blue Fairy," the "Naughty Boys," the donkeys, the dancers or the rest of the merry personages who assisted the wooden lad in his ups and downs (don't forget the well) until he finally became a real little boy to the joy of all the children in the audience.

"In a circus tent a funny clown,
With a funny hat and a funny gown,
Made a funny face and a funny frown,
Turned a funny summersalt upside down."

The children turn to listen and there is a real clown ready to carry them off to a real "Land of Play" where they find a "Fairy Wishing Well," "A Magic Railroad," "Old Mother Hubbard's Cupboard," and a "Merry-go-round."

"Round and round on galloping horses,
Round and round on billy goats white,
Boys and girls are happily riding,
Laughing loud with merry delight,
With musical sound, the merry-go-round,
The merry-go-round is whirling around,"

sing the minstrels and like the "Pied Piper of old" they lead the merry crowd off again and this time to a real dining room for real little folks where they entertained them while they ate with:

"Once there lived a gingerbread lady,
In a house of butter so sweet;
All the walls were layer cake lovely,
Cookies crumbled under her feet.
Her bed-room at night
With candy was bright;
Her bed was a bun,
Her life was all fun."

There were many other things to see and talk about; there were books, and dolls, and baby things that really interested the grown-ups. It was indeed a gala-day.

The Pride of Main Dorm.

The bath service on third.
The onyx wash bowl.
Coat-of-arms tapestry.
The hammered silver ceiling.
Table ferns.
House meetings.
The hall clock.
Fire drills.
The campus.

Rhythm, Harmony and Melody Tell Me a Bit About Themselves in Relation to the Child's Education

IT was a very warm and mellow harvest evening. Nothing about the air suggested winter to be near by, nor autumn to be present, neither did it suggest my jumbled state of mind, due to the overpowering knowledge—a theme was to be written, had to be written—must be written that night. The theme was already a few days late and as I sat in a dumb sort of agony trying to pull my thoughts together I perceived at a great distance three figures on the blue-gray top of a hill. As these figures approached me with marvelous speed, I wondered who was coming now to spoil the diligent evening of work I had planned, and grumbled inwardly; but in a minute more I realized they were no mortal figures to pester and annoy, but my own little fairies of the imagination come to write my theme for me; so I lazily lay back under a hazel nut tree while Rhythm, Melody and Harmony wrote my theme in a patch of moonlight.

The first of the figures to speak to me was the one who called herself Rhythm. In truth there was no mistake in her. She had hair of the darkest shade of black, that did not "hang," but danced and lived. Her eyes were like swift moving waters and sparkling—and her whole appearance gave one the impression of movement, force and grace.

"Really," she said confidentially, "you are a funny mortal. You complain that you cannot write a theme about me because you know nothing about me. If you would once open your eyes you would find me everywhere. I come to you in all forces of the universe—the rising of the sun, the coming of night, on the wings of a bird—but you never recognize me. You use me in your work, but you won't for a moment give me that much credit. Let me tell you something. Children use me unconsciously first in expressing desires, in finding their relations to the outside world and to each other. I am the cup—I—Rhythm—the cup from which they may drink of grace, strength, beauty, of knowledge of the world outdoors—of their relation to God. But the cup is in your hand—you teachers. How, then, are they going to drink of this cup unless you, as the teacher, give it to them to drink from. Let them not be thirsting for it, nor bloated with it. Soon you will find that the child will be able to reach for the cup and grasp it himself, but you must always be the guardian of the amount he is to consume, and the contents. They must be simple and within the child's realm of experiences—else he will become sophisticated or bewildered." And Rhythm vanished the way she came!

Melody came to me next in the form of a young girl, plump (I don't know why) and of the golden-haired, blue-eyed type. Her whole soul seemed to smile at you innocently from her blue eyes. She wore blue for her dress, a blue of such color that it called up immediately such words as "trusting," "faithful," "innocent." Her voice had that quality of a reed instrument, which always delighted your ears. "It is through me," she said, "that a child expresses his emotions in sound. The feeling that he cannot possibly put in words, or movements, he puts into Melody. Nothing is more

beautiful or spontaneous than the sweet tones a child will produce at work, at play, at rest. Through me you can suggest, call up certain images—just as you can through my sister, Rhythm. Watch, then, that you give the child the right melodies at the right time. All his melodies must be childlike, eliminating from them the element of passion, that goes hand in hand with the grown-up world. Make your melodies harmonize with his moods, and above all, make your melodies beautiful." And Melody vanished!

Harmony, last of all, came to me. In sheer beauty of form and face she far surpassed the other two. She was older and more womanly, also, than her two sisters. Her hair was soft, brown and long—her eyes were the type that conjured up visions of "pools of water stilled at even." They were brown. Her dress—well—one only knew it contained all colors in one, and was forever changing, blending, harmonizing. She spoke, and her voice was rich, mellow and soothing.

She told me, "I must be used so carefully, so that I may arouse in the child visions of beauty, of sweetness, and love. I have the power of putting to sleep, of creating a soothing atmosphere—of unifying numbers of individuals. Into a child's life come very few discordant experiences—so guard against giving him discords through music." And over the blue-gray hills vanished Harmony.

The night grew softer and deeper—the hum of things farther away—peace enfolded all—and I fell asleep.

E. R., '24

A Home Garden

"Play, laugh, run, strive, and work with your children. And when the opportunity arrives, let them experience the responsibility of parenthood."

HERE was once a little girl who had the most wonderful Mother and Father in the world. Not only that, but her Brother and Sister, who were quite grown up, were the finest and most beautiful two young people this particular little girl could imagine. But, unfortunately, they had to be away at school nine months out of every twelve, for this family happened to live in a very tiny town; therefore, the little girl sometimes felt very lonely and very much abused because she had to play by herself!

These occasions, however, were very rare, indeed. Father's business was such that he made frequent trips to the country, and still nicer, frequent trips to the city. It wasn't always possible for Mother to go, too; but it was always possible for Daddy to take his little girl along, no matter at what expense of money, time or trouble. Mother and Daddy firmly believed in little girls having every opportunity to see strange, new sights, and hear strange, new sounds, and meet strange, delightful, new people. Whenever there was anything to do that this little girl could possibly be interested in, Daddy was always willing to let her go along. Mother could always find time to devise some plan for a dull day, or some way of managing to reach an objective which looked so delightful as to be impossible.

What fun it was to play school with Mother as a teacher! She could teach while she was sewing, or baking, or making beds, or writing a paper for her club. It was all the more fun to have a teacher who made pretty dresses for her pupil while she was actually teaching her to read, or write. It wasn't every one who could learn to subtract while sniffing delicious cookies, and know that if one worked very quickly she might have just one cookie with her glass of milk!

And oh, the thrills before the first trip on a Pullman with Daddy, to a convention! Mother and Daughter played the lovely game of "sleeping car" for weeks before with chairs and portieres. And when the time came to go, and all of her clothes were packed in Daddy's big suitcase, and she was kissed for the last time, and Daddy was reminded once again to ask the porter on the Pullman or the maid in the hotel to tie her hair ribbon, and the train finally pulled out for a glorious adventure—what a happy little girl she was! Then the breath-taking sight of the inside of the big hotel! The distracting sounds of the huge city! The delicious "never-before-did-anything-taste-so-good" flavor of the foods Daddy let her order all by herself! The important feeling of sitting very still beside Daddy at meetings, even when she hadn't any idea what they were all about! And, best of all, the joy of going home again and telling Mother all about everything! Jokes were so much funnier shared with Mother! Experiences so much more wonderful after they had been talked over with her!

Once in a while Mother and Daddy were so good to this all-alone little girl and so thoughtful in her behalf that she forgot to appreciate them. Then they very wisely and very gravely would just not have time for her for awhile, and would let her exhaust her own possibilities for self-education and self-entertainment. It usually didn't take long for her to realize that getting up for breakfast with them was much more pleasant than sleeping late and cooking her own! When she insisted on having a puppy in addition to her cat and two pet chickens, Daddy bought her one; but taking care of so many pets soon got to be a very irksome pleasure. It developed that there had been a reason for his original objection to that additional care!

No matter what happened, or didn't happen, our little girl was always finding that no one understood, no one sympathized, no one rejoiced as Mother and Daddy did. Of course, Daddy never said so, but she always knew. Mother was so busy doing things, that discussions were most rare, but her little girl always shared in that doing. When Big Brother and Sister came home from college they always opened up a delightful new world of work and parties and interests which Little Sister could share, by proxy, if not actually.

The world seemed to be just trying to make that little girl happy!

But it was not always to be so. Something happened to Daddy's business which took away all the confidence from his eyes, and all the peace from Mother's, and every bit of happiness from Sister's and put a new, stern expression in Big Brother's, which seemed to say that he was graduated from college just in time to be Father's strong right arm. Little Sister grew up quite suddenly. Mother and Daddy had played and laughed and worked

and rejoiced and sympathized with her—she would show them that she could find plays to make dull hours bright for them, could learn to work in order to help take responsibilities off of their shoulders. She it was who remembered to insist on grace at meals and family worship when the family was torn up and transplanted to a new community and a strangely friendless environment.

Father's eyes finally brightened with confidence, and Mother's with hope, if not with tranquillity. Big Sister learned to work happily carrying her end of the load, and Big Brother was a true rock of strength. And Little Sister, consciously growing up, was filled with a sense of responsibility which was a joy in itself because it afforded her an opportunity to give back in some measure the happiness of her childhood!

M. A. L.

As We Know Them

Miss Elizabeth Harrison—

*"Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by."*

We have not seen Miss Harrison, and yet she is as real and quickening a part of our daily life as is the wind. She is in our classes—the inspiration of her life and ideals shines through all the work of teachers who were once her students; we meet her in our reading, and her clear, simple understanding of the needs of little children sweeps the cobwebs from our eyes as we catch something of her wondrous vision: she is with us in our good times, and through the eyes of alumnae we catch fleeting glimpses of a sympathetic, fun-loving comrade who enters as readily into joys as into more serious experiences: she is with us in loving messages, her personality is interwoven with the customs and traditions of the College, but most of all, she is present in the living spirit of the College, intangible, unseen, but freshening and refreshing as the wind from the great open spaces. And like trees before the wind, we do indeed bow down our heads in deepest love and respect before our Miss Harrison.

Miss Edna Dean Baker—

To Know Miss Baker!
Ah, 'round her shone
The nameless charms unmaked by her
alone;
The mind, the music breathing from her
face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the
whole,
And Ah! Her eyes in themselves—a Soul!

Mrs. Louise L. Kimball—

The title of "Social Director" carries with it prestige, and rather awes you, until you know Mrs. Kimball. She puts you at your ease. She is the lady who keeps us out of difficulties socially and morally.

Miss Anne Goodwin Williams

We don't believe Miss Williams has ever grown up, and we hope she never does. Her classes are delightfully informal places where the sensitive and highly embarrassed find shelter and sympathy. (Even the unprepared.) There is an invisible standard set, though, and we don't live up to it, we are inwardly mortified.

Mr. Francis Arnold—

He is a genius and along with him go all the things belonging to a genius. He has sensitiveness, quick grace of mind, quick temper, humble in his way, has not time to bother with little things (Juniors). Yet he is tolerant of their supreme ignorance. He knows and revels in the great things of life—and has a subtle sense of humor.

Miss Ruth Peterson—

A most efficient Librarian in face of many difficulties. Always ready to lend a helping hand and encouraging smile to bewildered Freshmen, over-worked Juniors and Faculty alike. Many and varied are her tastes and accomplishments, including music, art and rhythmic dancing.

Dr. George L. Scherger—

Ah! Here is the delightfully remarkable man who gives us so much inspiration, plays with our imagination, and instills in us real idealism. He not only seeks, but radiates both beauty and wisdom, when he talks to us, in his delightful way about classics and civilization.

Because he is a true Greek in spirit, he has created in us the desire to delve deeper into the realms of the classics, and to work toward the more perfect life.

Dr. Seymour Martin—

To teach pupils something of the world in which they live through the medium of philosophy, is the none too easy task of Dr. Martin. With the usual preface: "Fullerton says," he nobly propounds the problems of time, space, and the external world. Noted for a keen sense of humor, the Juniors do appreciate the point of his jokes, even if the other material of his lecture is hard to understand.

Miss Mabel Kearns—

Our secretary and financier, one well fitted to a difficult position, for it seems to be the slogan when anything goes amiss in the College or dormitories to "ask Miss Kearns." She is a professional "Miss Fixit."

Miss Etta M. Mount—

Words seem to get in the way as they have a faculty for doing when describing or trying to catch the elusive. Charm cannot easily be acquired. Miss Mount has it! The ability to live life to the full, joyously getting the most out of everything, is a difficult feat. She does it! She looks at you—smiles—reads you—and you are her willing slave. She is the personification of rhythm, melody and harmony.

Dr. Elliot R. Downing—

There are two kinds of people: the reserved and the unreserved. One keeps everything—the other gives everything. There are few individuals who are the happy medium; such a one is Dr. Downing. He is lean—his face is brown and weather beaten; his eyes hold all the wisdom of the great open spaces, and he looks and is the naturalist.

Miss Margaret Farrar—

Pep and Personality and Imagination and Originality and—oh, golly. There aren't enough snappy words to describe Miss Farrar. When she walks into the classroom with that wonderful smile on her face, and that wide awake twinkle in her eyes—she makes students honestly feel like going to school. She is greatly responsible for the success of "On Fairies' Wings," the Toy Carnival, and Pinocchio, and we can truthfully say she is a wonder.

Miss Louise Schaffner—

She rules her classes with a wooden pencil! You'll find it hard to fulfill her expectations because she has standards of design—that she has learned from Mr. Johonnit. She'll take you in fancy to the realms of fairyland—and when you come down to earth, your art creations will be rare!

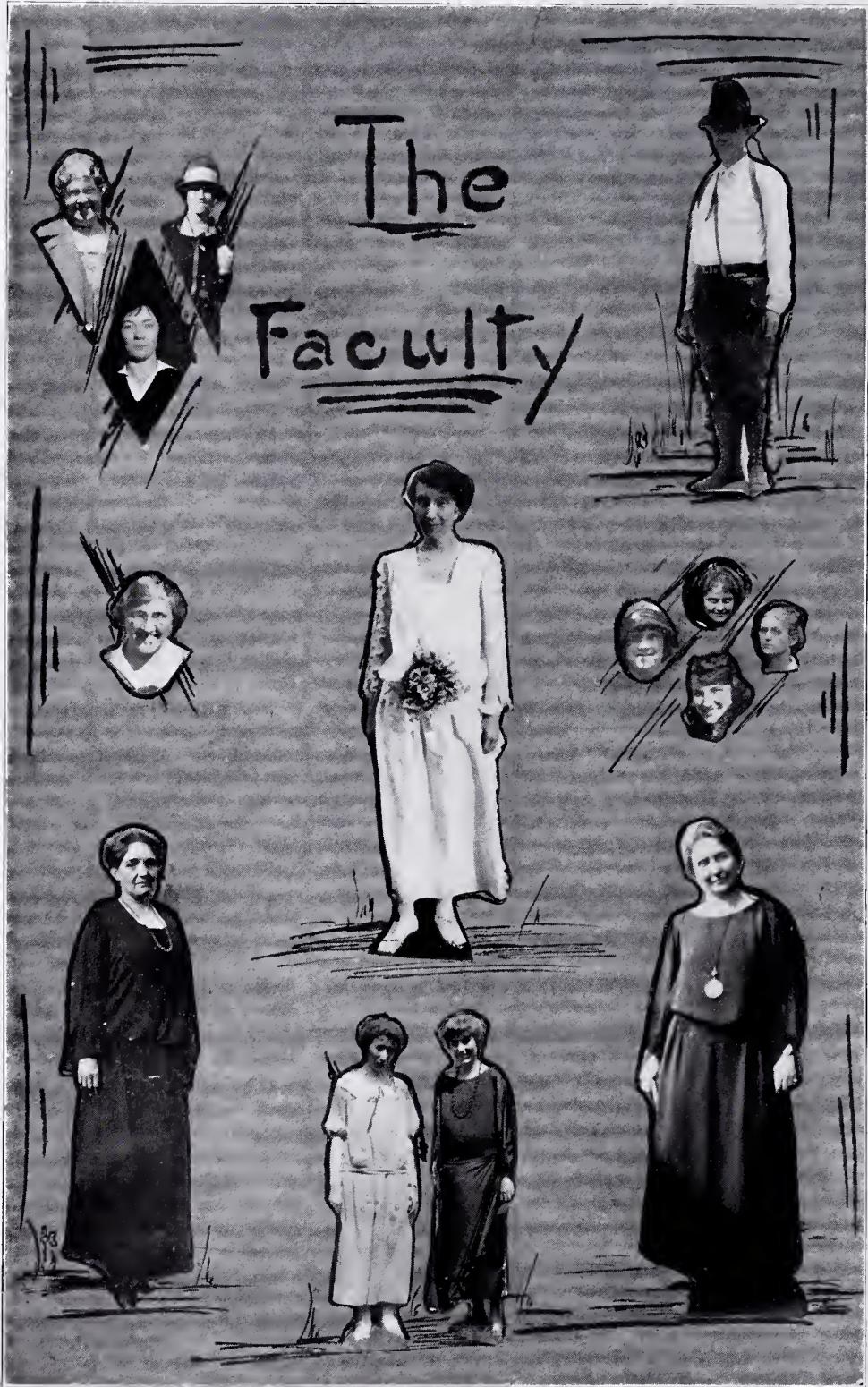
Mrs. Philemon Kohlsaat—

Every class of Mrs. Kohlsaat's is a delight to look forward to. Her personality radiates to the farthest corner of the room, her voice has that pleasing resonance that makes you hear only the tone and pay no attention to the words—but if you don't you miss a lot! Without any exertion she inspires us to better music and singing and living.

Miss Laura Hooper—

A very lovely lady, this Miss Hooper—good to look at, easy to talk to, and fun to pal around with, besides being an excellent teacher. There is not a more ardent worker in our campaign to be found, and when it comes to rivalling the students in pep—well, she does it!

The Faculty



Miss Harriet Howard—

There is something about Miss Howard's quiet and retiring manner that makes her very dear to us. Perhaps it is the fact that we have seen the little sparks of sympathy and understanding as she has watched us on her "terrible towers."

Dr. Clara Schmitt—

Either you learn or you don't learn in Dr. Schmitt's classes; there is no happy medium. The material is presented to you, illustrated if necessary, and explained as many times as requested, and if you don't get it, it's your fault. No one has ever seen Dr. Schmitt lose her temper, nor raise her voice, which certainly must have taken self-control, especially in her "Little L" class of dumb Juniors.

Miss Louise St. John Westerfelt—

Realizing our extreme youth and ignorance, but sympathizing with us, Miss Westerfelt proves a splendid teacher. Always correctly and smartly dressed, stunning in appearance, she looks as if she had stepped from "Vogue." She has made our festivals things of beauty by her splendid voice work, and no one can doubt the choir is a great success.

Dr. Louis Webb—

Somebody called Dr. Webb a cynic, some one else called him a psychologist, still others a teacher. His lazy drawl misleads you, for you've got to know your stuff in his class. He is one of our most popular teachers despite the fact that he has a gloating look after he has called on an unprepared student.

Miss Clara Belle Baker—

Behind a thickly coated veneer of quiet and modesty, there hides a personality known as Clara Belle. This personality is as elusive as any shadow, and quite as bewitching and fascinating. You will know it by a little twinkle of mischievousness in her eye, an expression around the mouth, a dart of the forceful and fearful sense of humor.

Miss May Whitcomb—

She is the lady who is responsible for those good-looking Guidons which appear every few minutes. When you look in the morning paper and see a news item about N. K. E. C. you can be sure that Miss Whitcomb has been burning the midnight oil. And yet do you ever see her when she hasn't a smile for you? We of the Annual certainly appreciate her.

Miss Gladys Petit—

To watch Miss Petit efficiently accomplish her job as "Registrar" at the College, one would never suspect her of being chief confident of every girl in the school. She was recently offered a position by some big producer to dance the Irish Jig, but refused the offer for the sake of N. K. E. C.

Miss Florence Linnel—

Miss Linnel is the lady who unexpectedly drops in one morning when you are making a mess of a handwork period. You think she is terribly disgusted until you go into her office and she starts smiling at you. She's just a big peach—and oh, what a ghost she makes!

Dr. John Clement—

Now Dr. Clement is the man "in the Main" Who worries and worries and bothers his brain
Because to us Plato seems just like a dream.
But when we see light you should see his face beam!
We do like his classes, and though we seem dumb,
We hope that in June victorious we'll come.

Miss Lanhpier—

Miss Lanphier is the most distinguished-looking member of the Faculty—you look twice, yea, thrice, or four times. Not only is she stunning looking, but she possesses a personality that is felt by all. Her speech is perfect—must be, you know. We all like her lots; she is such a good sport.



JOKES



Curiosity

They say that curiosity
Has often killed a cat,
But some girls have enough to kill
Much bigger game than that.

Bobbie came in with a wild tale concerning a lion he had seen out in the street.

"Now, Bobbie," said his mother, "you know it wasn't a lion you saw. It was a dog."

But Bobbie insisted that it was a lion until his mother said, "Bobbie, you will have to go into the closet; and you must ask God to forgive you for saying that the dog is a lion."

After a time Bobbie came out of the closet. "Well," asked his mother, "did you ask God to forgive you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "he said that he thought it was a lion himself when he first saw it."

Teacher (in kindergarten drawing lesson)—"What are you drawing, Marie?"

Marie—"God."

Teacher—"But no one ever saw God, nobody knows what he looks like."

Marie—"Well, they will when I get through."

Doctor Downing—"What would you do if you had a child in your room whom you thought was under weight?"

Brilliant Freshie—"I'd weigh him."

Miss Mount bought a new pair of shoes the other day, and before she had gone two blocks she was pinched.

"Whom do you like best?"

"Mother," was the reply.

"Whom next?"

"Little sister."

"Whom next?"

"Auntie."

Father, who was seated at the back, opened his mouth and said: "And when do I come in?"

"At two o'clock in the morning," was the reply.

Atlantic Journal.

When Morpheus Reigns in Chorus

Where the cow slips
There slip I.
On a bee's knees
Do I fly—Buz-z-z-z-z-z-z.

Man (entering grocery store)—"I want two Tuna fish."
Grocer—"You better stick to pianos."

Purple Parrot.

Father—"How do you get your lessons?"
College Offspring—"Why, the prof. assigns them at the close of each period."

Purple Parrot.

Mrs.—"Have you swept under the davenport?"
Maid—"Yes, Mum, everything."

First Senior—"Have you been to vote yet, Nellie?"
Second Senior—"Sure. See here, Honey, I brought my ballot home to put in my scrap book."

Lillian H. (hearing Nellie and Mable singing)—"Is that a duet or a duel?"

Esther Munro (telling a story)—"And he clim to the top of the pole."

The principal was trying to determine the I. Q. of the children in a certain grade.

"Tell me a number," he said, "and I will write it on the board."

"Twenty-four," said one child.

Turning the number about he wrote forty-two; but there was no objection.

"Tell me another," he said.

"Thirty-one," volunteered a child.

The principal wrote thirteen. No response.

"Uncommonly stupid," he thought. "I'll try once more."

"Now children, one more number."

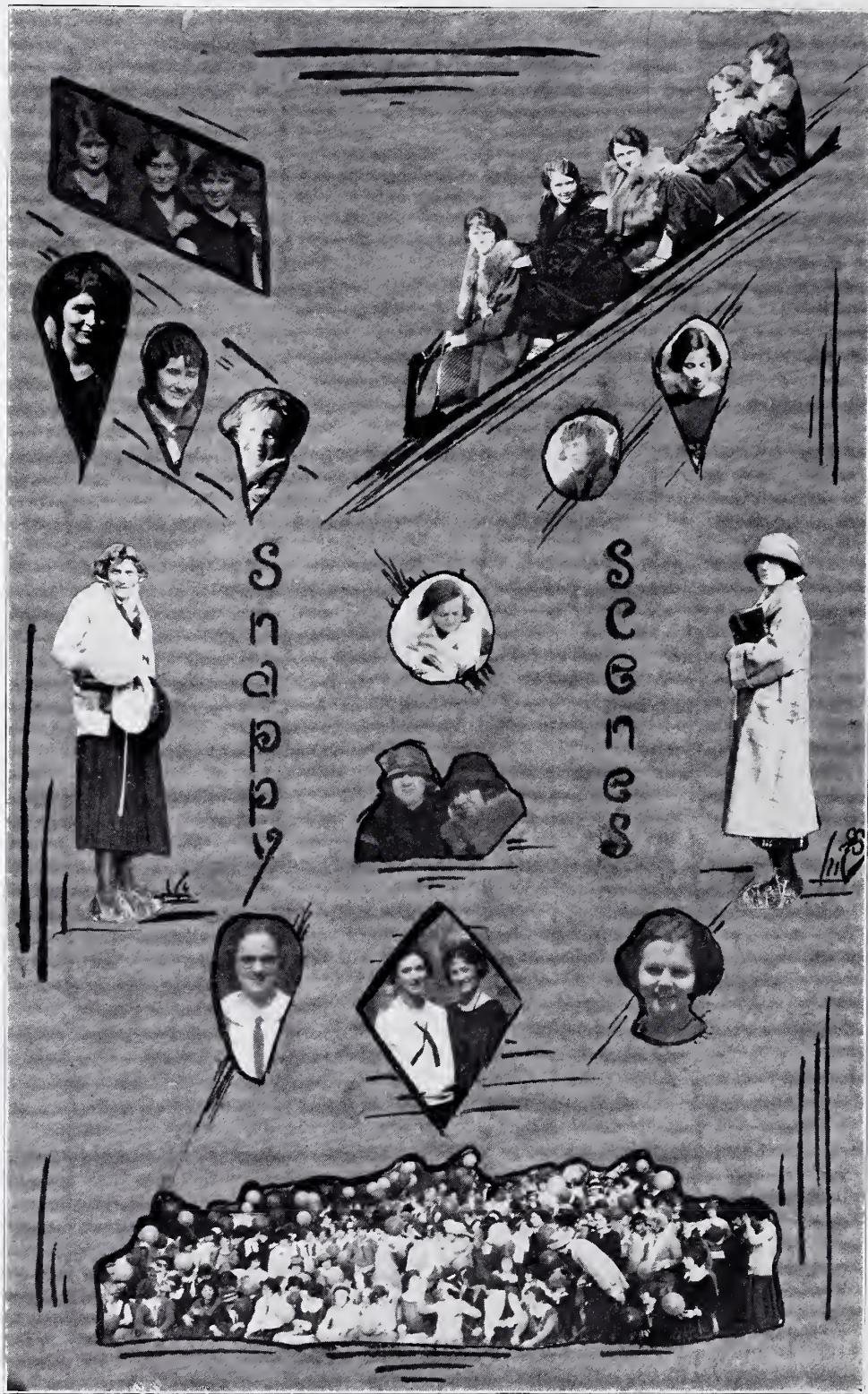
"Theventy-theven," came a reply, "Try and turn that around, you big thtiff."

Jacky had been given a ride on a neighbor's horse.

"O Mother!" he exclaimed when he came home, "Mr. Brown gave me a ride on his horse."

"Why, Jacky, didn't you fall off?"

"Oh, no! I hung on to his feathers."



Heredity

"Who in the class can tell me how many are four and five? Hands up!"
A forest of hands perforated the air.
(A little girl in the front seat, daughter of an ex-telephone operator):
"Fo-wer and Fi-ive are Ni-yun."

"Was the exam. very steep?"
"A sixty per cent grade."

Fairy Tales

"Mother," asked Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"
"No, dear, not always; they sometimes begin with 'My love, I have been detained at the office.'"
Dupont Magazine.

Should Soon Be Wealthy

A number of urchins, boylike, were arguing which of their fathers made the most money, when the first of the lads broke out: "My dad is a poet, an' he just picks up a scrap of paper, writes a few words on it, sends it away, and then a big pile of money will roll in."

"Why, my dad gets more than yourn. He's a lecturer, and he gets up in front of an audience, hollers out a few things, and pulls down a big pile of money for it."

(Third youngster in a whining voice) "Huh! My pa has yourn beat, as he's a preacher, he is, and every time he preaches it takes six men to bring in the money."

Seeing Ardus Simmonson and Harriet Bradish together reminds one of an ad. "before and after taking."

He—"Some men, you know, are born great; some achieve greatness—"
She—"Exactly! And some just grate on you."

Miss Townes—"Let's see who can sit down on the floor without making any noise."

Roy Flatt—"Miss Townes, did you hear my bump?"

Court Language

A colored woman one day visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you all the reprobate judge?"
"I am the judge of probate, Mammy."

"I'se come to you all, 'cause I'se in trouble. Mah man—he's done died detested and I'se got t'ree little infidels, so I'se cum to be appointed der execootioner."

Miss Baker (at Student Council Meeting)—"Just what phase of philosophy have the Juniors covered this year?"

Mary Esther Ransell (looking absently around)—"Oh-ooo-Space!"

Miss Williams—"Have you ever come across the man who could make you tremble and thrill in every fibre of your being at his very touch?"

Gladys Y.—"Yes—the dentist."

He—"Dearest, will you marry me?"

She—"John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."

Dad—"The doctor says I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage."

Son—"Got the cart before the horse, didn't you?"

Tennessee Mugwump.

Contributor—"What's the matter with those jokes I sent you?"

Editor—"Well, some of them I've seen before. The rest I haven't seen yet."

University of Washington Columns.

First Junior—"Too bad that Bill didn't write you today."

Second Junior—"Who said Bill didn't write me?"

First Junior—"Nobody did, but I just handed you a piece of gum and you took off the wrapper and threw the gum in the basket, and now you are chewing the paper."

Oh, Sammy, Sammy! Such extravagance! At four o'clock in the afternoon you buy an all-day sucker!

Puppet.

There is no man so great there is not a nutmeg grater.

We have all heard about the absent-minded professor who poured the syrup down his back and scratched the pancake, but the one that worries us is the one who poured catsup on his shoe lace and tied his spaghetti.

A smart young Miss was "over cut,"

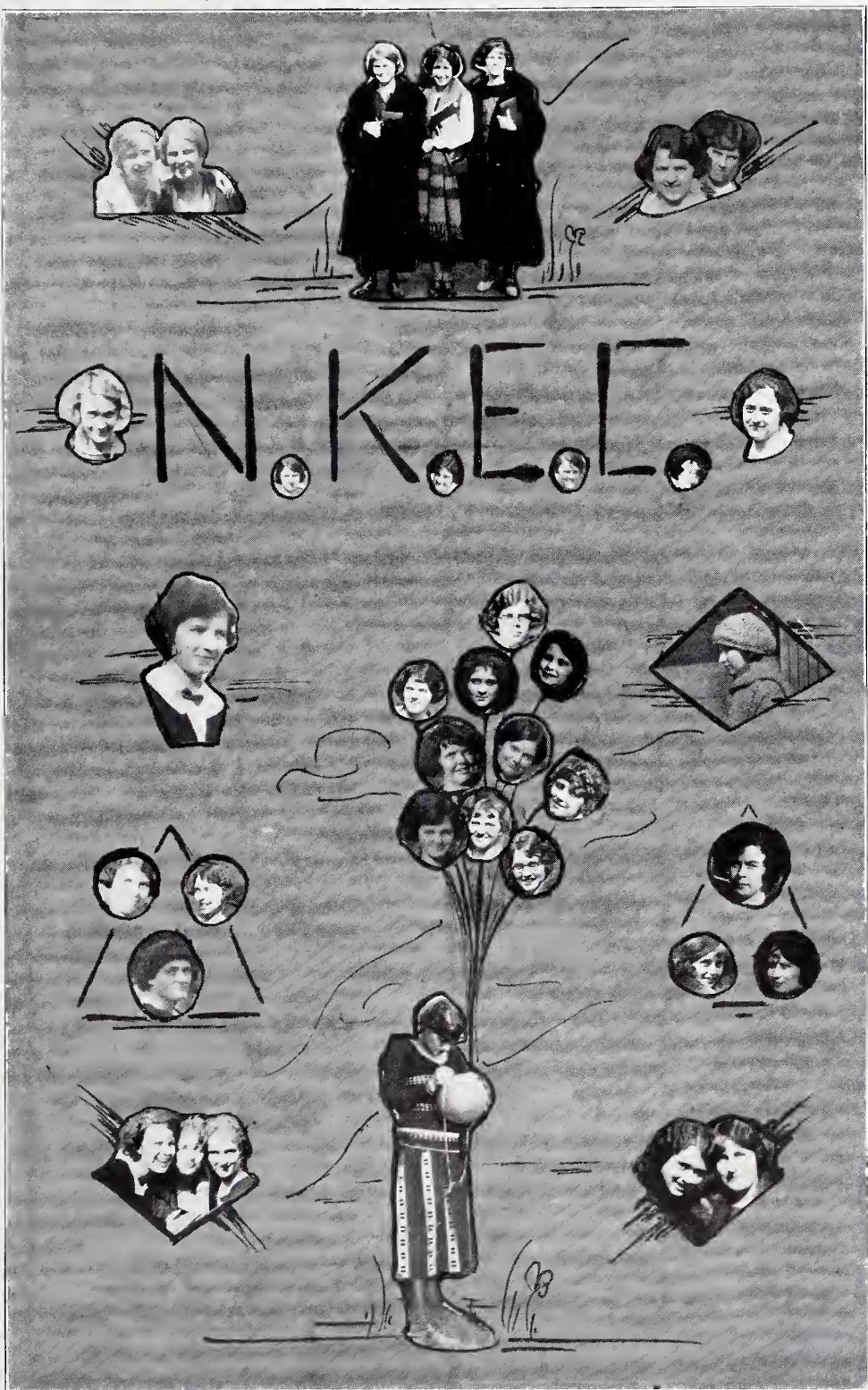
Her folks heard from the master;

Her mother sent her through the mail,

A pack of sticking plaster.

Kind old lady—"I am looking for a little boy who would like to mail this letter for me and earn a penny."

Urchin—"A penny! What youse is lookin' for is a little dumbell."



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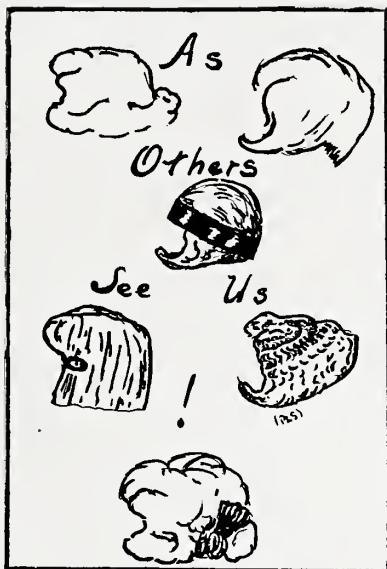
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Ssh ! Don't Tell—But

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J. Freda Gardner, '18

The musical score consists of four staves of handwritten music for voice and piano. The key signature changes from G major (F#) to C major (no sharps or flats) to B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is mostly common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are integrated directly into the musical notation.

1. Ring out, of voi - ces joy - ful - ly To -- praise our Al - ma Ma - T - ter. How
2. To thee we come, in thee we live, Our -- dear-est Al - ma Ma - - ter. Our

g'd - lyd do we sing to thee, Our dear-est Al - ma Ma - T - ter. We
high - est priv - i - lege to give To thee, our Al - ma Ma - - ter. May

praise thy stan - dards broad and free, Long may our flower an - hem - blem be. Of
we thy daugh - ters ev - er share With lit - tle child - ren ev - ry - where. The

cour - age high and loy - al - ty To - thee, our Al - ma Ma - T - ter.
joy that we have learned of thee, Our glorious Al - ma Ma - - ter

